

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3050.—VOL. CXI.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING, BENGAL LANCERS CHARGE A STEEP POSITION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

To most of us who are not sportsmen, and especially to those of mature years, the approach of winter has something sinister about it. We may abuse the early spring, and talk of the east wind—of which it has been wittily said: "It will be Easter before we've done with it"—but there is in that season something of vigour for the weakest, something of resuscitation for the oldest; and, moreover, it is the herald of the summer. But the late autumn is depressing. When its last hours draw near, we feel with the poet that—

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year.

When it has once "laid its fiery finger on the leaves," the end, we know, is near; it may be beautiful, but we feel it is the end, just as the hectic colour of the victim of consumption we know is lighting her to her grave. In the Lake Country, the most exquisite spectacle that Nature affords us is the First Snow on the Fell; but at the same time it fills one with despondency. There is a chill there, as everywhere else, that strikes not only to the marrow, but to the mind. The proper remedy is not to wait for it, but ere winter comes "with one chapped finger at his lip," and long before the silence of the snows, to light the hearth fire, the comforter of home. Many people put this off, as they put off other cures, until it is too late, and are "caught in the frozen palms" of October. They don't like the ornaments taken out of their grates till a certain date, and are content to shiver out of deference to the almanack. But the wise man knows better than to commence a struggle single-handed in which he is bound to be beaten, and at once calls in his ally the fire and defies the foe.

Next to the sight of the first summer sun is that of the first winter fire. How it crackles and spurts and leaps with joy, as we watch it and feel its revivifying glow! We are about to be beleaguered for months by rain and hail, by frost and snow, and all the forces of the Prince of the Powers of the Air, but we are now provisioned against them. We think of the millions of people with a deal more money than we have, but who live in cold climates where there are no fires, but only stoves, and hug ourselves, like the Pharisee, because we are not as they are. They may boast of their snugness, as the bug in the rug may do; but their warmth has an evil odour and a sense of oppression of which an open fire knows nothing, for it is a ventilator in itself; while as to their deriving any satisfaction from the look of their stove, they might as well stare at a penny-in-the-slot automaton or a pillar letter-box. We think also of our own poor who have no fires, and at once subscribe to a coal club—so genial is, or ought to be, the effect of that friendly flame. What a companion it is—not silent, but sparkling, and always ready to supply a light to one's pipe! Or if we are in thoughtful mood, what an aid it is to the memory!—what distant scenes, what long-departed faces, we behold once more in its glowing embers!—what hopes that have been realised!—what fears that have been unfulfilled! We may "nurse our wrath to keep it warm," but not beside the hearth. It is antagonistic to the lower emotions; with the pipe in our mouth, and a book in our hand, and the cat on our knee, and the dog at our feet, there is really no room for malice, hatred, nor any other uncharitableness. They are all destroyed in the First Fire.

There is one thing which always puts us out of our usually heavenly temper. It is the sending us newspapers, presumably intended to interest us, without any intimation of where the interesting matter is to be found. If the people cannot write who do such things, they can surely make a mark. Not a week goes by without my receiving newspapers from out-of-the-way corners of the earth, where you would never expect the existence of such a thing as a newspaper; yet they are sometimes quite voluminous. A morbid curiosity, to the survival of which after so many disappointments it is shocking to confess, compels the eye to wander over the network of print in which, by a sort of inverted miracle, not an article of interest is enclosed. The weird head-lines in large type about infinitesimal matters, and the minute print all about nothing at all, are investigated in vain. At last a black splotch rewards my diligence—it is only a "fault," a sort of birthmark of the paper itself; but I flatter myself I am on the trail at last. It points to an advertisement describing a cure for "house-maid's knee." Strangers are very kind to me in suggesting remedies for my various maladies, but this cannot, cannot surely be intended for my benefit.

I did once succeed in getting the reason of these postal gifts explained. The donor did not mention his name, but I happened to recognise the handwriting: it belonged to a person with whom I had some business relations, but who lived thousands of miles from England, and, I should have thought, about a thousand from the place where the paper was printed. But distance counts for less and less as people get beyond the cab radius. I wrote a little sharply and under some irritation, for the newspaper had been a large one and had nothing in it. "Why the deuce, my dear fellow, did you send me that *Tongatiboo Telegraph*? I could find nothing in it that could interest me, or, to speak frankly, anybody else." I had little understood the

patriotic (or shall we call it the parochial) feelings of this out-of-the-way settler. He wrote back: "Dear Sir,—I should have hoped that any man worthy of the name would have felt some 'interest' in the fact that the collection at Tongatiboo upon Hospital Sunday reached three figures, throwing, by comparison, that of London completely into the shade. I admit, however, that I ought to have marked the paragraph." I am glad he did not, or I should have got into still hotter water by asking why.

It is the peculiarity of faddists that they not only advocate their own theory with unnecessary vehemence, and abuse everybody who does not happen to agree with it, but they also go out of their way to denounce a number of other things not immediately connected with their fad, and thereby contrive to make it as unpopular as possible. One scarcely knows a teetotaler, for example, who is not also an anti-tobaccoist, or a vegetarian who is not both. The anti-one-thing soon becomes an anti-everything; the mission to make people uncomfortable is constantly enlarging its borders. It is, therefore, noteworthy, and a subject of satisfaction, to find, at a great meeting of vegetarians the other day, a lady bold enough to tell them that this meddling with matters outside their creed, and denouncing innocent pleasures, such as smoking and the moderate use of alcohol, was the surest way to make their system unpopular and unacceptable. No wiser advice was ever given. It is hardly necessary to say that it met with great opposition, because, to a large class of persons, to forbid is so much more welcome than to approve; but a considerable number seemed to understand that when one wants to gain a footing in the world, it is exceedingly injudicious to attempt to upset it. There is a great deal to be said for vegetarianism, as, indeed, there is for most innovations; but when one sees so much antagonism in its advocates, one wonders if the diet is good for the temper.

Now and then (though very seldom, in spite of the proverb about fact and fiction), things happen in real life more strange than the novelist imagines them, and before he has given Nature or Fate the opportunity to plagiarise him. In Vienna the astute brother of a spendthrift got him to insure his life in an English company (where suicide, presumably, was not a bar to payment) for an immense sum, on his giving a solemn promise to blow his brains out at the end of two years. The other kept his engagement, and the speculator, who had in the meantime secured the reversions, applied for the money. He had often been so imprudent as to observe, "If George doesn't shoot himself he is a scoundrel," and this reflection has cost him dear. The whole transaction has been judged to be fraudulent, and its ingenious inventor has been sent to prison. The victim was very well known, and the affair is said to have made an immense sensation; but the remarkable and romantic feature of the story is his keeping his word. He appears to have been, in its curiously limited sense, a man of honour. We have more than once heard stories of men released by brigands on the understanding that if they failed in getting their ransoms they should return to be tortured or slain, and who have done so; but in commercial affairs, such fidelity, so far as I know, is unexampled.

A curious incident has been lately narrated by a French physician of the curative powers of tobacco, exceeding anything that its most devoted advocates have hitherto even imagined. A man dumb, but not deaf, from his birth, who was much addicted to smoking, found himself in a new social environment, where his daily want was not understood. After frantic endeavours to make his desire known, he suddenly exclaimed, "Tobacco!" and from that moment found his speech. The statement is advanced upon apparently sufficient authority, though it is certainly a strange one. Let the scientific explanation be what it may, how overmastering must be the passion that makes the dumb to speak! Surely even the anti-tobacco agitator must own that the exclamation was at least less discreditable than an impassioned cry for soda-and-brandy, or even for that "pot of the smallest ale" which Christopher Sly besought his friend to give him for a comfort amid his enchantments. What has seemed to be confirmed deafness has often been cured by a direct appeal to the emotions ("Is this shilling yours or mine?" or even by dropping a coin so as to ring upon the ground behind the patient), but that the word "Tobacco" should be an "Open, Sesame," to the dumb mouth is rare indeed.

The making of every malady a special disease has become absurdly common. It was admirably satirised by Dickens in his account of the doctor who applied himself solely to whitlow on the thumb; but the fashion has greatly increased since that day. The last discovery is "theatre sickness." It happens, we are told, from gazing long at the stage after a good dinner: we turn giddy, lose consciousness, faint, and "in perverse cases" even die. The same thing from the same cause might happen at evening church. Those who have had a play acted may say indeed that they have had theatre sickness; but that comes from looking at the audience, not at the stage, and is never preceded by a good dinner.

Compliments have often been paid to Nature upon the great variety of her work, and especially on her turning out so many people without resorting to duplication. This, however, has been much exaggerated, to judge by a recent

statement of a London coroner, who tells us that there are constant mistakes committed as to identification, even by husbands and wives. The wish, perhaps, is father to the thought: each hopes that he or she has got rid of the other. A very little, at all events, seems to convince some wives upon this point. A lady writes from Bournemouth to say that she has not got the money for her railway fare, and therefore cannot come up to London to identify a certain deceased person, but if the coroner will send her "a pattern of his trousers, and mention how they are darned," she shall be able to say certainly whether it is her husband or not. In the case of an actor whose hours upon the stage are over, he is identified by two members of his company, but each one recognises him as a different actor. An unusually intelligent jurymen suggests that one of them may have been the understudy of the other.

It is a painful reflection that one has seldom to record an advance in civilisation without some corresponding deterioration. It was only the other day that we were congratulating the burglars (and ourselves) on the increasing politeness of their manners and conduct, and now they have developed religious bigotry. One of them, at least, has behaved himself in a little case of sacrilege in a way that it is difficult to account for upon other grounds. That he should have taken the contents of the alms-box is deplorable, but not surprising; that he should have furnished the organ-loft as a sleeping-bower with the cushions taken from the pulpit, after a supper of bread and cheese and onions, was reprehensible, though not without that sense of luxury which is said to be the stepping-stone to civilisation; that he should draw moustaches and imperials on the countenances of the angels on the memorial tablets might have only indicated high spirits and a misdirected devotion to Art. But, unfortunately, the motive of all these proceedings was only too manifest from the fact that, before leaving the sacred edifice, he chucked up "No Popery" on the walls. In Italy we know the brigands are all extremely devout, but the idea of a British burglar with theological views is novel.

The Americans are, in one way, like the fine old pensioners who used to inhabit Greenwich Hospital: they will never allow anyone else to abuse their place of residence, but don't mind speaking of it themselves with great frankness. It is, therefore, not so curious as it seems at first sight that the authoress of "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times" should have dedicated her novel to M. Paul Bourget, who has taken a more rosewater view of her country than most of its visitors, while she herself paints it in another colour. Both she and he, however, agree in describing "the ultimate religion of that strange composite known as American, as Individual Will." In all ranks he relies on himself primarily, "but in the higher this amounts to intellectual anarchy." To judge by the characters of the story, there would seem to be more of anarchy about him than intellectuality. Patience Sparhawk, however, has experience among all classes, beginning life poor and in an out-of-the-way place, afterwards joining in religious work in the town, and eventually dwelling among the highest circles in a country-house. She marries into what would be called in England a "county family," though it is very unlike it: the pretentiousness of its tenants and visitors almost defies belief, while their viciousness far exceeds the corruption that is supposed to exist among an aristocracy. The behaviour of Beverly Peelo as a lover is, indeed, so abominable that one wonders how a decent girl like Patience could have married him; while under her father-in-law's roof she is subject to such attentions from his guests as are inconceivable in the most fashionable household. The best parts of the book, which is written with great skill and vigour throughout, are the descriptions of the religious and journalistic worlds: everything is more pronounced and accentuated than we see it here, but that is far from detracting from its interest. Patience, when in her chrysalis state, becomes a temperance evangelist, though not a very genuine one, and inquires of her chief—a most excellent and earnest woman—respecting the efficacy of prayer, "Does He always do what you tell Him, Miss Tremont?"

"Almost everything I ask Him—that is to say, when He thinks best. Dear Patience, if you knew how He looks out for me—and it is well He sees fit, for dear knows I have a time taking care of myself. Why, He even takes care of my purse. I'm always leaving it round, and He always sends it back to me, from counters and trains and restaurants and everywhere. And when I start in the wrong direction, He always whispers in my ear in time. Why, once I had to catch a certain train to Philadelphia, where I was to preside at a convention, and I'd taken the wrong street-car, and when I jumped off and took the right one, the driver said I couldn't possibly get to ferry in time. So I just shut my eyes and prayed; and then I told the driver that it would be all right, as I had asked the Lord to see that I got there in time. The driver laughed and said, 'W-n-a-l-l, I guess the Lord'll go back on you this time.' But I caught that ferry-boat. He—the Lord—made it five minutes late. And it's always the same. He takes care of me, praised be His name!"

The account of newspaper life and influence in New York is most curious and entertaining, though if an English author had had the audacity to write it he would certainly never have heard the last of it. I do not remember any book describing life in America, from inside, so informing as "Patience Sparhawk"; it is also very interesting, though now and then we are constrained to murmur, "Let us hope it is not true."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

The campaign of General Sir Bindon Blood, with the combined movement of General Elles, in the region to the north of Peshawar and of the Khyber Pass, against the hostile Mohmands and followers of the Hadda Mullah, has made satisfactory progress. On Thursday, Sept. 23, two brigades for General Elles's force, commanded respectively by Major-General Westmacott and Colonel Graves, forced the Bedmani Pass with very slight loss on our side, the troops chiefly engaged—20th Punjab Infantry, 1st Gurkhas, and Bombay Pioneers—clearing the heights in masterly style, while the fire of the artillery was also very effective. General Elles then advanced and destroyed the enemy's forts in the valley of Jarobi, beyond that pass, and on Saturday captured the headquarters of the Hadda Mullah, but could not then pursue him further in his flight, as the advanced guard, entangled and attacked in a defile beyond the village, and having lost several men killed and wounded, fell back. The Hadda Mullah, the fanatical Mussulman preacher who stirred up all these tribes to war, has fled westward to the country of the Shinwaris. Sir Bindon Blood's headquarters were at Inayat, in Bajaur, rejoined by the brigade of Major-General Jeffreys; and on Friday, at the request of the Maliks or tribal chiefs of the Mohmands, he granted them an armistice of two days with a view to their promised surrender. A detached force has subdued the villages in Mittai. In the Orakzai and Afridi campaign, to the south-west of Peshawar, beyond the Samana hill-range, the most advanced position yet taken up is at Sudda, at the junction of the Kurmandara with the Kurram River, from which point, through the Khanki Valley, the expedition, when completely ready, would advance to conquer Tirah, early in October, under Sir William Lockhart's immediate command.

THE LATE DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

By the sinking of a German torpedo-boat on Sept. 22, at Cuxhaven, the first officer in command, Lieutenant Duke Frederick William of



Photo E. Bisher, Berlin.

THE LATE DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and seven men lost their lives. The boat, it is understood, was sunk through stress of stormy weather. The late Duke was the third son of the last reigning Duke but one of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Frederick Francis II., and of his third wife, the Grand Duchess Marie, née Princess of Schwartzburg-Rudolstadt. Duke Frederick William, who was half-brother to the present Regent of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was born in 1871. As the boat went down the young Duke behaved with great fortitude. Seeing that all was lost, he called on his men to join him in prayer, and in a few touching sentences commended himself and his comrades to Heaven, beseeching that their end might be swift and painless.

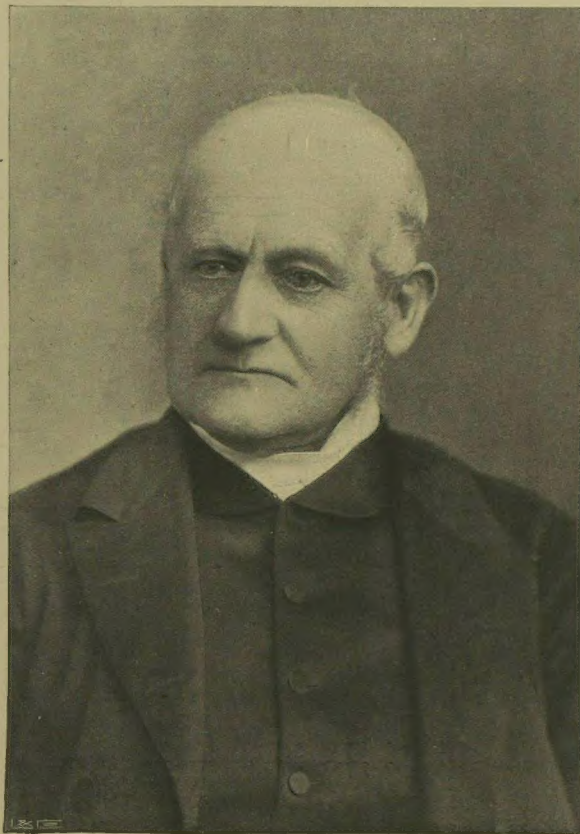
THE SCANDINAVIAN JUBILEE.

On Sept. 18 King Oscar of Sweden celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of his accession to the throne. The city of Stockholm was gaily decorated with flags for the occasion, and the streets were crowded with enthusiastic holiday-makers. At eleven o'clock a solemn thanksgiving "Te Deum" was sung in the chapel attached to the royal castle, the service being attended by a brilliant congregation, which included the royal family and the royal and princely personages who are present as jubilee guests. Bishop Billing delivered an eloquent address, in the course of which he passed the King's life-work in review, and dwelt on his Majesty's devotion to the public good, closing his oration with a fervent prayer that the divine blessing might rest upon the country and people. The ceremony concluded with a hymn, during the singing of which a salute of artillery was fired. The service over, his Majesty received deputations, one of which presented the jubilee subscription of 2,200,000 kroner, which had been raised among the people. His Majesty has graciously decided that this money shall be devoted to furthering a scheme for combating tubercular diseases. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated, electric light being in many cases employed in beautiful and striking devices. Everywhere the royal party was received with acclamation by the rejoicing crowds. On the occasion of the jubilee his Majesty King Oscar conferred the Order of the Seraphim on Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, K.G., who represented the Queen at the Stockholm celebrations, at the same time conferring, with her Majesty's approval, the Knight Commandership of the Sword of Sweden on Colonel

the Hon. Sir Henry Byng, K.C.V.O., and the Companionship of the same order on Major Coen Martin, who attended Prince Christian on his mission. In London, also, the jubilee was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the members of the Swedish colony. The proceedings began with a sumptuous dinner at the Trocadero, and ended on the evening of Sunday, Sept. 19, with a special service held in the old Swedish church in Prince's Square, Shadwell. Pastor Palmér, in his address, remarked that during his ten years' ministry in London he had had the pleasure of seeing within the walls of his church most of the royal family of Sweden and Norway.

THE LATE CANON ELWYN.

The ancient school of the Charterhouse has lost an esteemed Master in the Rev. Richard Elwyn, honorary Canon of Canterbury, who died at the Master's Lodge on Sept. 28 after a short illness. Canon Elwyn was himself a Charterhouse boy, and from school passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, which he entered as a scholar. During his undergraduate career, young Elwyn was Bell Scholar and Craven Scholar, and in 1849 was placed in the tripos as senior classic, the second on the list being the late M. Waddington, for several years French Ambassador in London. For some time Mr. Elwyn was Fellow of Trinity, passing in 1855 to a Mastership at Charterhouse. Three years later he became Head Master, and continued to hold that position until 1863, when the state of his health necessitated his retirement from active work. Regaining a

THE LATE REV. RICHARD ELWYN,
MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

measure of strength, he accepted, in 1864, the Head Mastership of St. Peter's School, York. In 1872 he quitted that sphere of usefulness, having been presented by Archbishop Tait to the vicarage of Ramsgate. In 1880 he accepted the living of East Farleigh, near Maidstone, offered him by the Lord Chancellor. This preferment he retained until his nomination to the Mastership of Charterhouse in 1885. On his return to London, educational work again claimed him, and until three years ago Canon Elwyn acted as Principal of Queen's College. A man of many friends, the late Canon sustained to perfection the character of clergyman of the old school—genial, scholarly, of wide sympathies, and abundant kindness. The Society for Promotion of Christian Knowledge had his heartiest support, and the London clergy knew and valued the late Master as a preacher whose services might be relied on.

A NORMAN WATERING-PLACE.

Tréport, or, more properly, Le Tréport (a name which makes some curious philologists inquire, "Why not Les Tréports"?), is one of the most charming and purely French of Norman watering-places. Only twenty miles from Dieppe, and thus on the route of the pleasantest and cheapest Channel passage, Tréport offers many attractions to the English visitor who desires something less redolent of the harbour than Boulogne, something a little more retired than Dieppe, where the British tourist is legion. The journey is swift. Leaving Victoria at ten o'clock, one can reach Tréport in time for dinner, where you may put up at a good, comfortable, clean, and unpretentious hotel, there to spend a delightful holiday in the enjoyment of sea bathing, and, if you are studiously inclined, in research into the history of the place. For Tréport has a history. Like every other sea-coast town in

Normandy, it was one of William the Conqueror's starting points. The distinction which Tréport does not share with all its neighbours is that of having afforded her most gracious Majesty a landing-place on her first two visits to France, when she spent some time as guest of Louis Philippe at the Château d'Eu.

THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

The perilous road to the gold country is steadily increasing its tale of victims. Terrible suffering is reported from the Scaagway and Dyea trails, all along which destitute gold-seekers are said to be scattered in utter hopelessness. Their provisions are all destroyed, and, as the pass is closed for the season, starvation stares them in the face. Some who have returned from that veritable Via Dolorosa report that they found ruined prospectors, whose fortitude had utterly given way beneath their miseries. Men, once strong and intrepid, would break down and weep when recounting their miseries and disappointments. As an offset to these woes, tales of success still come to lure other fortune-hunters to their fate. James Rowan, a poor man of Colorado, has returned to his home in Leadville with a huge bag of gold-dust and titles to property in the mines amounting to 200,000 dollars. Mr. Joaquin Miller, writing from Dawson City, declares that the timely arrival of food has laid the spectre of starvation in that town; nevertheless, he advises people to stay at home, for it is only the lucky few who are heard of, while the unlucky many succumb unknown. All hope of reaching Klondike this season is now at an end, for the first snows have fallen, yet the steamer *Rosalie* has sailed with a full cargo of passengers, nearly all gold-seekers, few of whom will live to reach the mines. On the Dyea trail seventeen men and one woman are reported to have been killed by a land-slide. The company, it is stated, were toiling wearily along the trail when they were overwhelmed. Thus seek they El Dorado.

THE LATE DEAN MONTGOMERY.

The death of James Francis Montgomery, Dean of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh,

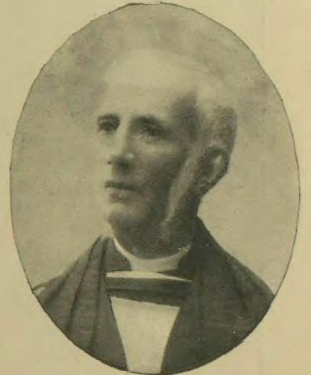


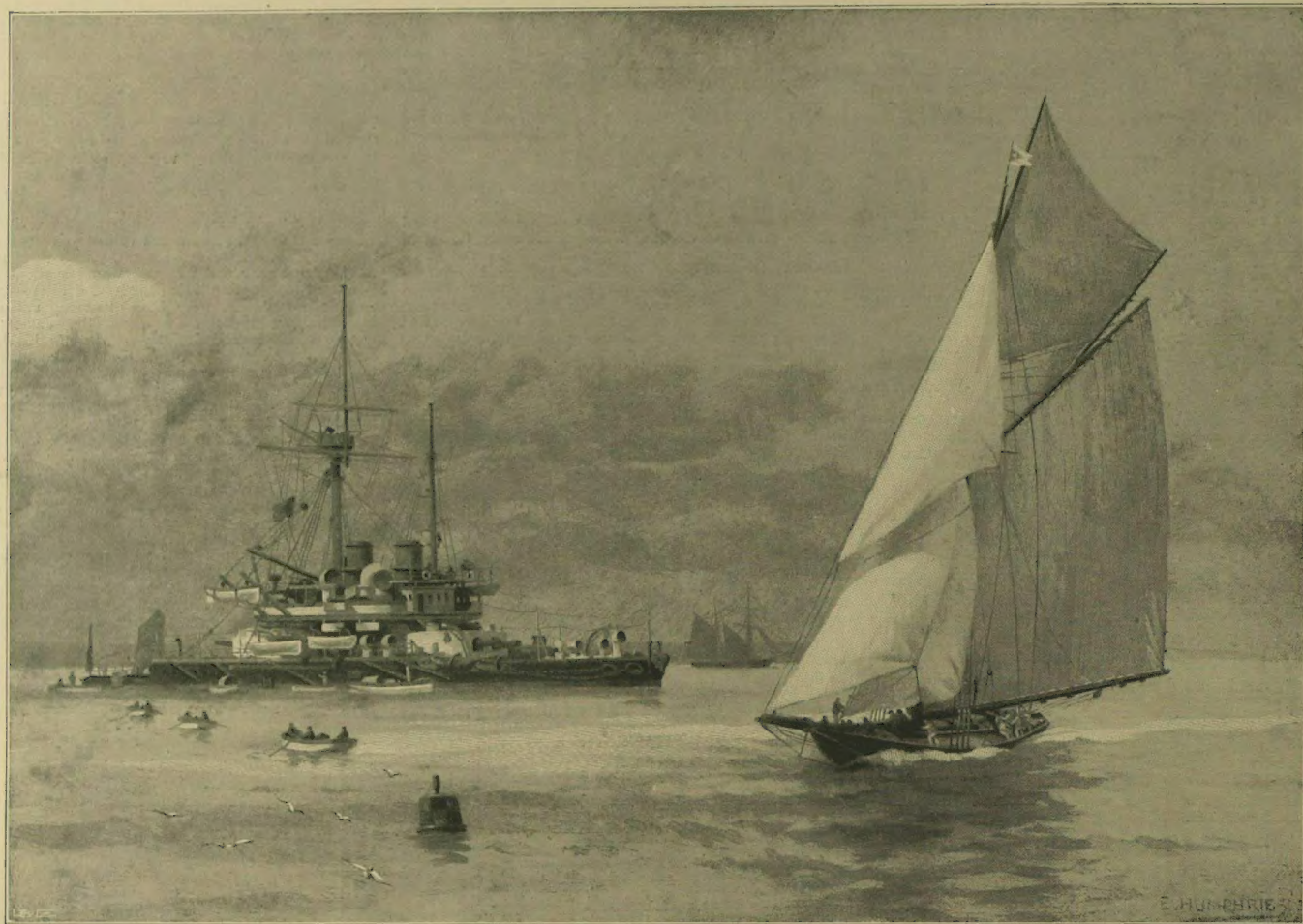
Photo E. S. and W. Forrest.

THE LATE DEAN OF ST. MARY'S, EDINBURGH.

removes an honoured figure from the Episcopal Church of Scotland. The son of a former Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer, he was born in Edinburgh seventy-nine years ago, was called to the Scotch Bar in 1840, but studied for the Church at Durham University, and became curate of Puddletown, Dorset, in 1856. He returned to Edinburgh two years later, and had lived and laboured in his native city ever since. He succeeded the genial Dean Ramsay in 1873, and he became the first Dean of St. Mary's Cathedral, which was completed in 1879, and to which he presented a fine peal of bells. He was also incumbent of St. Paul's. The late Dean's courtesy and tact were largely influential in thawing the constraint which at one time existed between the Presbyterians and the Scottish Episcopal Communion.

THE CASE OF MR. TILAK.

The sentence of eighteen months imprisonment passed upon the Hon. B. G. Tilak, editor and proprietor of the *Kesari* newspaper, for inciting to sedition, was appealed against by his numerous friends. The petition, which was supported by affidavits, requested the Chief Justice to call a full Bench to consider an application that a case should be granted for reference to the Privy Council on the prisoner's behalf. The petition was based on the plea that Mr. Justice Strachey did not, in summing up, impartially review the evidence; that he practically told the jury to convict; and that he misdirected them on a point of law. The learned Judge, by the way, was, during the trial, menaced with personal violence, one anonymous writer threatening to shoot him from the gallery of the Court. Another scribe wrote, "Thy head will be in thy lap," the words applied to the ill-fated Mr. Rand. The trial began on Sept. 9, and lasted until the 14th. Mr. Macpherson, the Advocate-General, prosecuted, while Mr. Pugh, of the Calcutta Bar, and Mr. Davur, a native barrister, appeared for the accused. The special jury, of which half were Europeans, decided by six to three against Mr. Tilak, but unanimously acquitted the printer Bal, who was charged at the same time on a similar indictment. On Sept. 24 the appeal was heard at Bombay before a full Court, including Justices Farrer, Fulton, and Strachey, who unanimously rejected the petition. Mr. Tilak seems always to have been a turbulent person. At college he was held back one year from his degree as a punishment for some act of insubordination.



LEVIATHAN AND THE SWAN.



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: SITKA, THE CAPITAL OF ALASKA, AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK ON A NIGHT IN JUNE.

Drawn by Edward Roper.



1. The Sixteenth-Century Church of St. Jacques.
2. The Cliffs.

3. The Beach at Low Tide.

4. Fishwives towing a Fishing-Boat.
5. Fish Market.

6. French Pilot-Boat.
7. Waiting the Landing of Fish.

SKETCHES IN TREPORT, A NORMAN WATERING-PLACE.

PERSONAL.

The Crown Prince of Greece is alleged to have made some "revelations" about the late war. Among these is an attack on Colonel Smolenski, who is charged with disobedience to orders. Considering that Colonel Smolenski, by general consent, is the only officer on the Greek side who showed any capacity, and the total incompetence of the Crown Prince on military affairs is universally acknowledged, the less said about his "revelations" the better for his credit.

North London has lost a sterling citizen and able magistrate in Mr. Henry Reader Williams, who died on

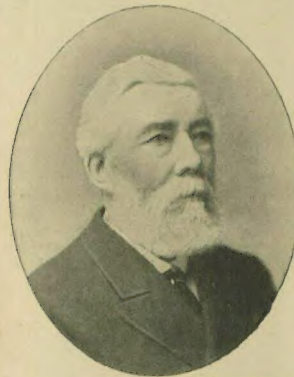


Photo Windsor and Gros.
THE LATE MR. HENRY READER WILLIAMS.

Sept. 27 at The Priory, Hornsey. The deceased gentleman was the head of the firm of H. R. Williams and Co., Lime Street. But even a great business did not absorb all his sympathies. For many years he took the deepest and most intimate interest in the late Earl of Shaftesbury's philanthropic work, and furthered by every means in his power the work of the King Edward Ragged School. Mr. Reader Williams served on the Hornsey School Board as its first chairman, and for many years presided over the Hornsey Local Board. His work has already been commemorated by two scholarships open to Hornsey children, and a handsome clock-tower erected in the Broadway, Crouch End. Mr. Williams was seventy-five years of age.

Lord Ashbourne is to be the next Viceroy of Canada. It seems only the other day that Lord Ashbourne was a rising Irish lawyer named Gibson in the House of Commons. His chief qualification for his new post is a charm of manner which has made him popular with the most vehement of his political opponents.

It is thought probable that the vacancy in the Cabinet created by Lord Ashbourne's appointment will be filled by Mr. Gerald Balfour. The Chief Secretary for Ireland is not a member of the present Cabinet, though two of his predecessors in that office, Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. John Morley, had Cabinet rank. As next Session will be largely devoted to Irish affairs, Mr. Gerald Balfour may win a promotion he certainly deserves. On the other hand, it is objected that the Cabinet is too large already, though the reins of government are really in the hands of only four Ministers: Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Arthur Balfour.

A rumour about President Kruger's health has been denied. It was said that he could not be expected to live more than eighteen months. Another report declares him to be perfectly well. All this may be part of the political manœuvring at Pretoria, where one of the candidates for the Presidency is said to be much more favourable to the claims of the Outlanders than Mr. Kruger.

By the death, in his eightieth year, of the Right Hon. Robert Richard Warren, the Irish Probate Court loses its President.

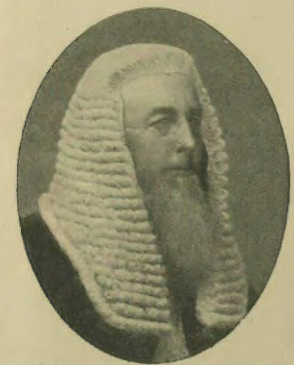


Photo Chancellor and Son.
THE LATE RIGHT HON. ROBERT WARREN.

Judge Warren was, indeed, the last to fill that office, for with him the appointment lapses, as it is provided by the Judicature Act that the Presidency of the Irish Probate Division is henceforward to be held by a Judge of the Queen's Bench. The late Judge had a distinguished University career at Trinity College, Dublin, of which he was a graduate and gold medalist. Choosing law as his profession, he entered King's Inn, Dublin, taking silk after twenty years, and becoming a Benchman in 1865. He subsequently held the offices of Solicitor-General and Attorney-General for Ireland, and was finally appointed Judge of the Probate Court.

Count Badeni's duel is the talk of Europe. A member of the Austrian Reichsrath, Herr Wolf, accused the Government of "rascality" or "blackguardism." There seem to be no rules for the punishment of Austrian legislators who use language of this kind, and Count Badeni, as Prime Minister, thought it his duty to challenge Herr Wolf. As he was wounded in the arm, he gained no particular advantage from the combat, and there is no reason to suppose that Herr Wolf will not repeat his bad manners when he is so disposed. There is a law in Austria against duelling, and the Prime Minister is liable to a sentence of imprisonment. He breaks the law, and exposes his life to jeopardy, all to punish a person who is victorious in the encounter! If this does not convince the Austrian public that duelling is idiotic, nothing can.

The late Colonel Charles Vincent Gordon, of Eastfield, Sherborne, and Kingston, and formerly of the Indian Staff Corps, was the son of the late Adam Gordon of Lee, and grandson of Adam Gordon of Aberdeenshire.



Photo W. and D. Downey.
THE LATE COLONEL CHARLES VINCENT GORDON.

Entering the Hon. East India Company's service at the age of sixteen with distinction in studies, the deceased officer subsequently held many important positions. After services as Quartermaster, Interpreter, Adjutant, Cantonment Magistrate, and Station Staff Officer, he was appointed Assistant and Deputy Commissioner of the Sangor and Nerbudda Territories. In 1861 he joined the Staff Corps, but resumed his civil appointments in the Windah and Chinwallah Districts. He was Major in 1866, and full Colonel on retirement in 1875. Colonel Gordon saw the Mutiny from beginning to end, and was actively engaged in the pursuit of Tantea Topee, and in the suppression of the Bhopal rebels, obtaining the medal in due course. In private life, Colonel Gordon was known for his enthusiasm as a cricket and croquet player. Two years ago he took an active part in the revival of the latter game.

With Sister Mary Ellen Ellis, who died at Walthamstow on Saturday, Sept. 18, in her eighty-second year, there passed away almost the last survivor of the devoted band of Roman Catholic sisters who accompanied Miss



THE LATE SISTER MARY ELLEN ELLIS.

Nightingale on her memorable mission of mercy to the Crimea. On returning to England, after the war, Sister Mary was attached to the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, in Great Ormond Street. Only in the present Jubilee year was she decorated by her Majesty in person with the Order of the Royal Red Cross in recognition of her services to the wounded in the East. Of these heroic nuns, only one—Sister Mary Aloysius—is now alive. From her retreat in the Convent of Mercy, County Galway, she has just been persuaded to publish her "Memories of the Crimea."

One of the "original members," if the phrase is permissible, of the London School Board has passed away

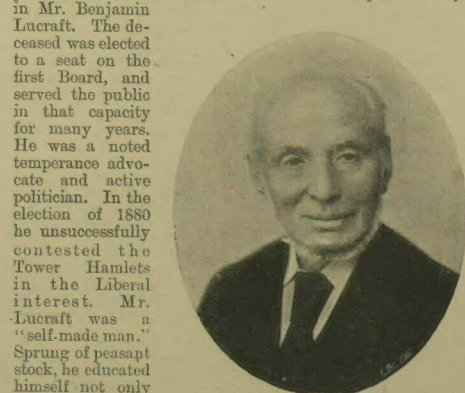


Photo Bell, Bath.
THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN LUCRAFT.

The deceased was elected to a seat on the first Board, and served the public in that capacity for many years. He was a noted temperance advocate and active politician. In the election of 1880 he unsuccessfully contested the Tower Hamlets in the Liberal interest. Mr. Lucraft was a "self-made man." Sprung of peasant stock, he educated himself not only in the rudiments of commercial knowledge, but in drawing, which stood him in good stead when building up the renowned firm of art furnishers with which he is so intimately associated.

The first armoured cruiser in the German Navy has been christened after Prince Bismarck. The vessel was addressed in a florid speech by a high official, who followed the example set by Prince Henry of Prussia. German war-ships are treated as if they were sentient beings, bursting with patriotic pride. As this style of oratory has grown up since Prince Bismarck was in office, he is not likely to relish it much, even when it is consecrated to his own glory. His speeches have always been free from a rhetorical ornament which excites ridicule.

The late Rev. Andrew Matthews, Rector of Gumley, Market Harborough, was born on June 18, 1815, the day,

by the bye, of the battle of Waterloo, at Amen Corner, City of London, his father being at that time Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. From childhood the late Rector was devoted to entomology and ornithology, pursuits in which he speedily attained great eminence. In 1833 he entered at Lincoln College, Oxford, and graduated M.A. in 1839. He was ordained to the curacy of Middleton Stony, Oxfordshire, and in 1858 was presented to the living of Gumley. In 1849 he published, in conjunction with his brother, Henry Matthews, "The History of the Birds of Oxfordshire and its Neighbourhood." His great work, "Trichopterygia Illustrata," published in 1872, brought him the offer of a Fellowship of the Royal Society; but this honour the Rector, with characteristic modesty, declined. In his eightieth year he completed a second volume of his *magnum opus*, illustrated entirely in his own hand. Mr. Matthews was also a great lover of flowers.



Photo Hills and Saunders.
THE LATE REV. ANDREW MATTHEWS.

There are again rumours of trouble with America. Lord Salisbury has declined the American proposal that Russia and Japan should be invited to join an International Conference on the seal fisheries in Behring Sea. The contention of the British Government is that Russia and Japan have nothing to do with a discussion which arises out of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States. Lord Salisbury was willing to assent to an Anglo-American Conference for the purpose of taking fresh evidence as to the fisheries, with a view to the revision next summer of the regulations fixed by the Paris Arbitration Award in 1893 for a term of five years. A conference of experts, nominated by England and the United States, would be reasonable enough; but why drag in Russia and Japan?

A protest has been made against the disfigurement of Niagara by the dynamo-houses designed for drafting the water-power to the uses of electricity. The picturesqueness of the spot is being ruined by the remorseless hand of science. If this be so, there is no remedy. The utility of the water-power for electrical purposes is too great to permit any sentimental considerations to stand in its way.

The affairs of the Congo Free State Company of late years do not so frequently and fully come before the general public view as they did when Mr. H. M. Stanley was their manager in Africa; it is rather understood that the administration, now almost entirely Belgian, prefers to keep its own counsel, being intent, after all, upon commercial profits if they can be gained *quocunque modo*, and no longer professing a specially philanthropic mission. With the historical examples of our own East India Company and of the present South Africa Company before us, we scarcely feel entitled to demand of the Brussels Directors and their Royal President any express proclamation of loftier motives, or any sublime standard of practice in its decrees and operations. The distinguished Belgian military officer, Major-General Baron Dhanis, who has for some years been Governor and Commander-in-Chief in the Congo State, is doubtless a worthy public servant, of the same type as those who used to be appointed Governors-General of India when the old Company was in power, with a sufficient sense of responsibility for the welfare of vast populations and dominions of imperial extent.

"They have given her to a plumber," sang Mr. Eccles mournfully when he heard that his daughter wanted to marry Mr. Gerridge, gasfitter. There is a plumber in Paris who has just taken a wife, and she is regarded as one of the most fortunate of women, for M. Pictet's name is inscribed on the roll of French heroes. It was he who saved many lives in the Charity Bazaar fire, and nearly lost his own. He was nursed by the lady whom he has now married. The wedding was attended by many aristocratic people.



Photo Delon and Cornuud, Antwerp.
MAJOR-GENERAL BARON DHANIS.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Balmoral, on Friday evening, was visited by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, who are at Abergeldie with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The Prince of Wales, on his return from the Continent, arrived in London on Saturday, and went on Monday to Sandringham. The Princess of Wales is staying longer with her own family at Copenhagen.

The Royal Artillery, three companies of the Thames District, under command of General Sir Charles Warren, with some Militia and Volunteer Artillery, have this week been practising defensive tactics at several of the forts and batteries on the Thames and Medway.

Lord Wolsley, Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief, on Sept. 23 was presented with the civic freedom of Glasgow by the Lord Provost and Corporation, and made a speech on the needful strength of the Army and Navy.

Conferences have been held by Mr. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, and Sir Courtenay Boyle, the Secretary, with Colonel Dyer, representing the Federation of Employers in the engineering trades, with a view to mediation in the dispute with the workmen on strike. The Duke of Norfolk, in a letter to the Deputy Lord Mayor of Sheffield (the Duke being Lord Mayor), has offered to assist in conciliation.

On Saturday the fortieth anniversary of the Relief of Lucknow was celebrated by a dinner of the surviving

collision with an English steam-ship, the *Tyria*, going to Venice.

King Charles of Roumania and his Queen, Elizabeth, "Carmen Sylva," have visited the Emperor Francis Joseph, King of Hungary, at Budapest, this week.

The new ironclad cruiser of the German Navy, built at Kiel, has been named the *Fürst Bismarck*, in honour of the veteran statesman, to whom the Emperor William has written a friendly letter upon this occasion.

The Collective Note of the Ambassadors of the six European Powers at Constantinople, stating the terms of the treaty of peace with Greece negotiated by them with the Sultan of Turkey, was presented to the Greek Government at Athens, on Monday, by the Russian Ambassador, M. Onou, inviting its acceptance and measures to carry into effect its stipulations of financial arrangement and delimitation of a new Thessalian frontier. The Mussulmans of Crete are bitterly complaining of ravages and outrages perpetrated by the Christian insurgents. A Turkish squadron on the coast of that island has been prevented from landing troops by the Admirals of the combined European squadrons.

A violent cyclone storm of wind in the South of Italy, on Sept. 21, blew down many houses at Sava, Oria, Mesagne, and Latiano; forty people were killed and seventy much injured. Slight earthquake was felt along the eastern parts of Italy.

Serious riots have taken place at some villages of

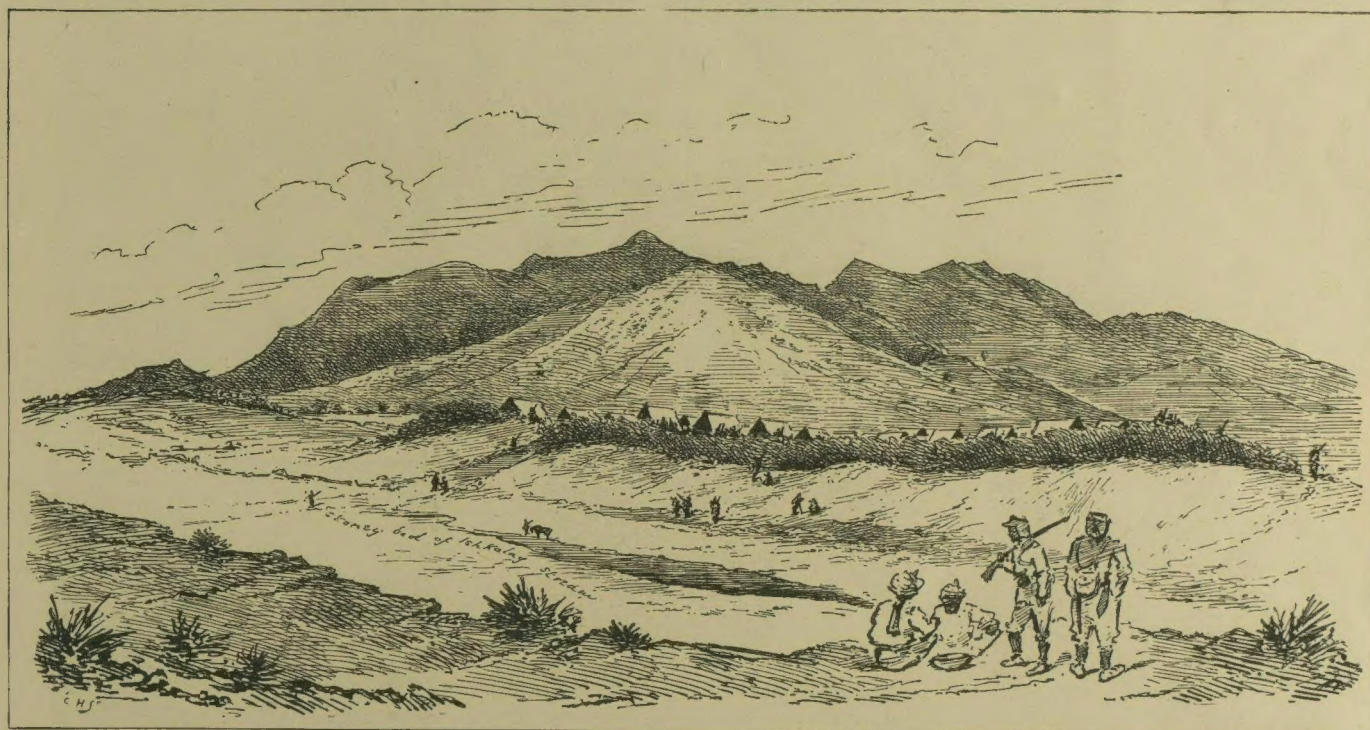
Premier, General Ascarra, upon the situation of Cuba, and the apprehensions of a speedy intervention, by the United States Government, in favour of the independence of that island, are becoming stronger, none of the Great European Powers being disposed to aid Spain, by force of arms, in resisting such an intervention.

The Sultan of Morocco is preparing a military expedition to suppress the Riff pirates on the Mediterranean coast, who are still holding some Italians and other Europeans in captivity, and demanding pecuniary ransoms, for which Italy has sent money by the *Lombardia* cruiser, from Tangier.

Riots and conflicts among the European foreign labourers, Italians, Poles, Bohemians and Transylvanians, employed in large numbers in some of the manufacturing and mining districts of America, continue to be reported. At Girardville, in the State of Pennsylvania, on Monday last, a fight broke out with a mob of Polish workmen; nine were killed, and many others were badly wounded.

A meteoric stone weighing eighty tons, the largest yet found, has been brought from the coast of Greenland by Lieutenant Peary, the American Arctic explorer, in the steamer *Hope*, and is to be landed at New York.

Proposed measures of fiscal and revenue legislation in the Transvaal Republic are just now exciting some uneasiness in the gold-mining community at Johannesburg, notwithstanding the concessions promised to that interest in the reduction of import duties and of railway freights.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: WITH THE KOHAT-KURRAM VALLEY FIELD FORCE.

THE 1ST BATTALION 3RD GURKHA RIFLES IN THE ENTRENCHED CAMP AT DOABA, ON THE KOHAT-KURRAM LINE.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel Pully, 3rd Gurkha Rifles.

officers of the garrison, and those of Outrams and Havelock's forces, presided over by General Sir W. Olpherts, at the Hôtel Métropole.

The contested elections for the Barnsley Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire and for East Denbighshire continue to occasion active local proceedings of the opposed parties. At Coedpoeth, in East Denbighshire, mob violence assailed the Conservative candidate, Mr. George Kenyon, and stones were thrown at him and his wife returning in their carriage from a meeting. The nomination of Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Samuel Moss was performed on Sept. 24, and the polling was on Tuesday last.

The Royal Commissioners of Inquiry appointed to examine the working of the Irish Land Acts, Sir Edward Fry presiding, began their sittings on Sept. 22, at the Four Courts, Dublin, when counsel for the complaining landowners opened their case.

Mr. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, with the other members of the Board, last week commenced, at Devonport, their annual tour of inspection of the dockyards and other Admiralty establishments at the naval ports.

The King of Siam, after coming back to Taplow Court, Maidenhead, his residence in England for the summer, kept his forty-fourth birthday, on Sept. 21, with domestic festivity. On Saturday he visited the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. He was in the City on Monday, lunching with the Mercers' Company. On Tuesday he was at Oxford, entertained by the Vice-Chancellor and University Dons; and on Wednesday he inspected Windsor Castle.

A lamentable disaster occurred on Sept. 22, at Fiume, in the Adriatic: thirty or forty people on board a small passenger steam-boat were drowned, by her sinking from

Croatia, in consequence of the official hoisting of the flag of the Kingdom of Hungary. Three officials of the local Government were slaughtered by a mob of peasants. The gendarmes fired on the rioters, killing one person and wounding seven others.

The encampment of the Egyptian troops at Merawi, on the Upper Nile, was visited on Sept. 21 by a tremendous sandstorm. A fire in the Camel Corps stores caused some damage. It is expected that the military advance this season will not proceed far beyond Berber, and that the construction of a railway between the Nile and Suakim, on the Red Sea Coast, will next be undertaken, before any forward move against the Khalifa's positions at Metammeh or Khartoum. But there is reason to believe that the occupation of Kassala by the Anglo-Egyptian forces is strongly urged by Italy, which can no longer bear the expense of holding that position.

A hundred members of the New South Wales Volunteer Corps of Lancers have offered their services to the Imperial Government for the Indian frontier war. This offer is under the consideration of the Colonial Government.

On the Persian frontier of Asiatic Turkey fierce attacks have been made by the Kurds, a race of cruel marauders defying the control of either empire, upon the unhappy Armenian population of the valleys and plains, more than three hundred of whom were lately killed, and many women and children carried off into slavery, by one of these raids. The Persian Government has arrested some thirty of the raiders, most of them being Turkish subjects, and now demands satisfaction from the Sultan, after an official inquiry at Teheran, appealing to Russia for support of this claim.

General Woodford, the new American Minister at Madrid, has had further serious conference with the Spanish

President Kruger, whose re-election seems not unlikely, is said to be in favour of heavy direct taxation of the product of the richer mines, or the dividends of the richer companies, while granting relief to those which are comparatively poor.

The convention or conference of delegates from the several Australian Colonies held at Sydney, New South Wales, to devise a scheme of Intercolonial Federation, adjourned its sittings on Sept. 24, to meet again on Jan. 20, at Melbourne.

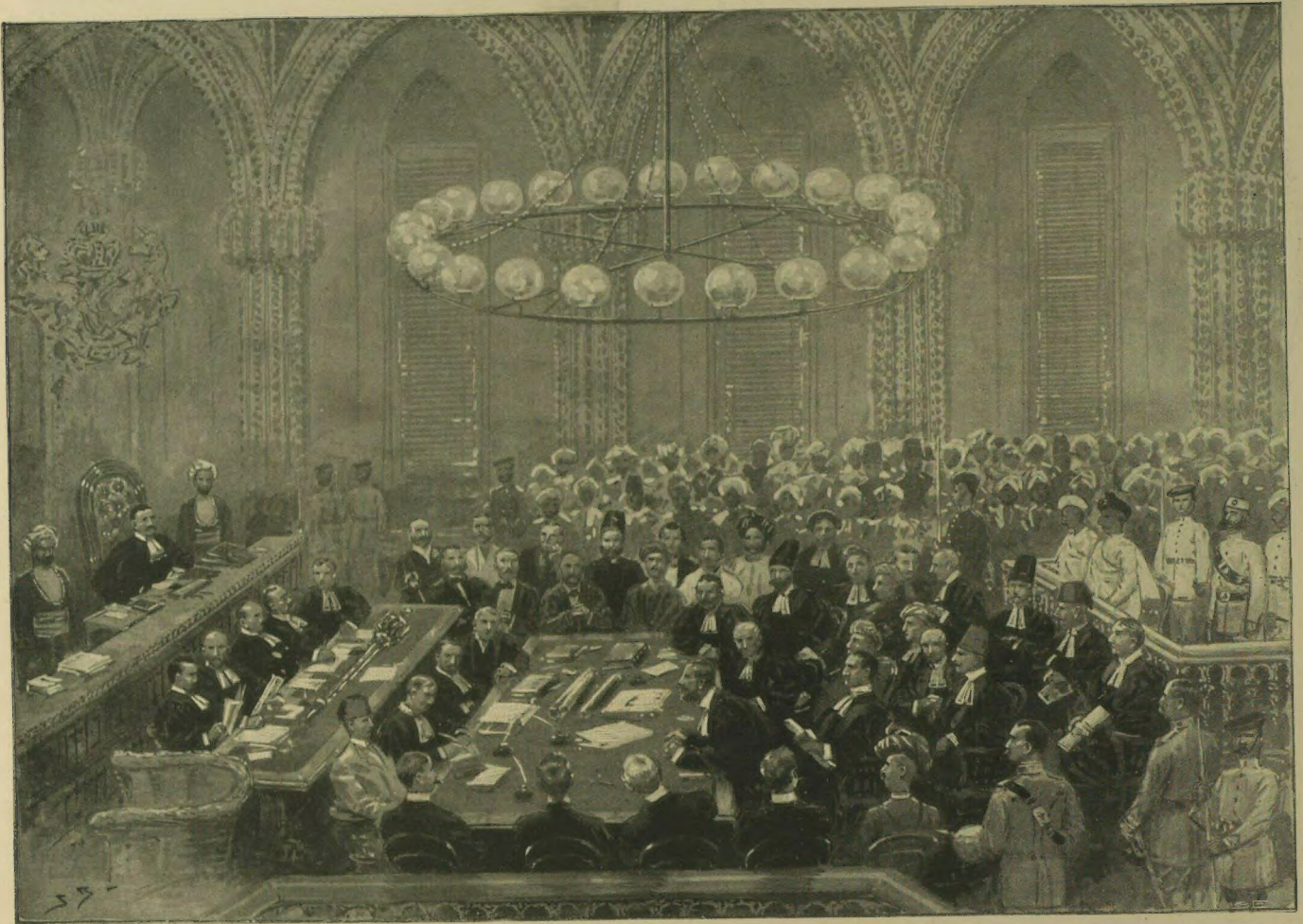
Captain Slocum, of Boston, Massachusetts, who left that port in April 1895, alone in a small sailing-boat, to make his solitary voyage all round the globe, has traversed the Atlantic, North and South, the Straits of Magellan, and the Pacific Ocean, and has arrived at Port Louis, Mauritius, whence he intends to return home.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

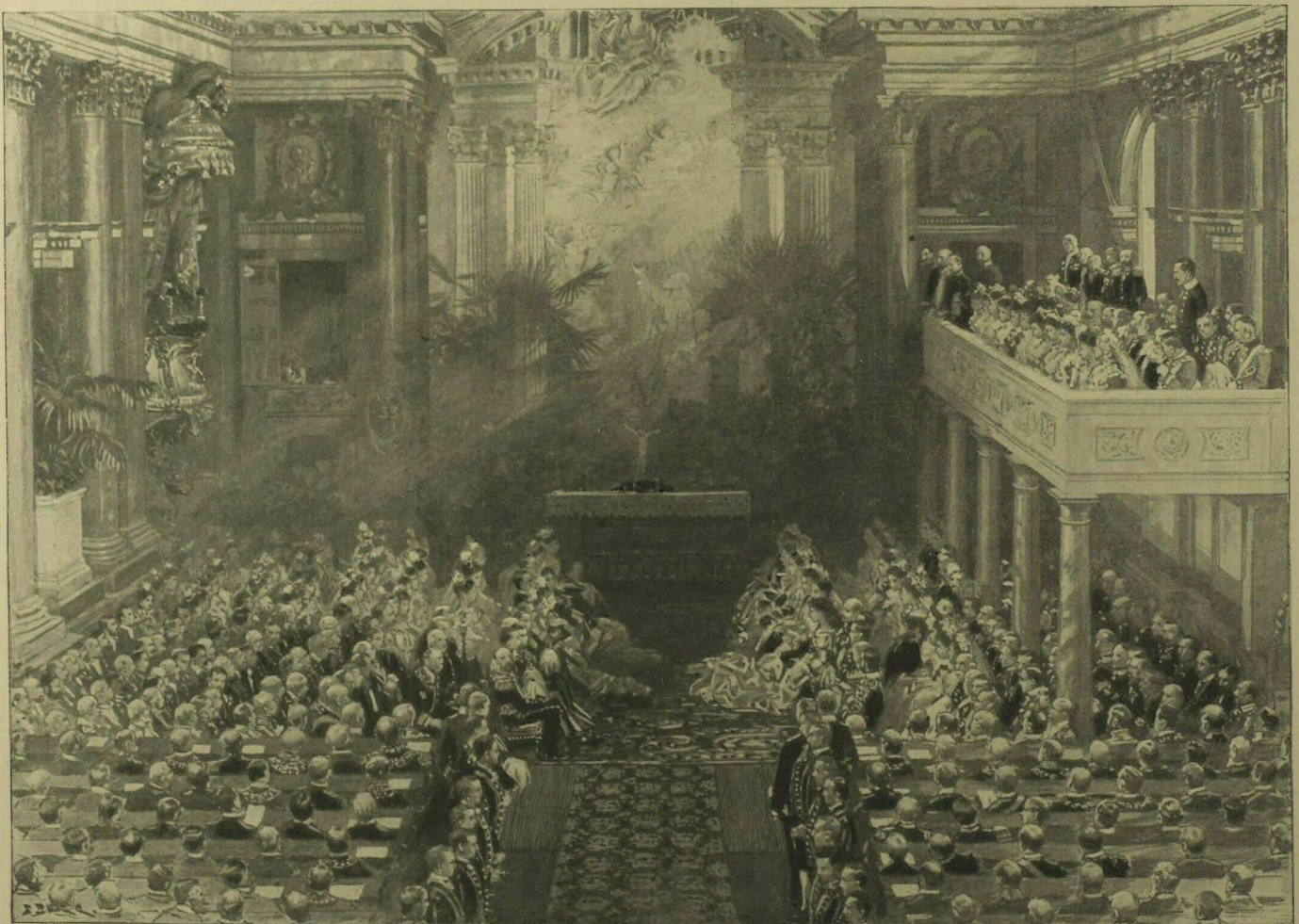
THE RECORD REIGN NUMBER

of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, price 2s. 6d., is Out of Print. A Superior Edition, bound in Royal Blue Cloth Gilt, price 7s. 6d., can be obtained from all local Newsagents and Booksellers.



THE TRIAL OF THE HON. B. G. TILAK FOR SEDITION, AT THE BOMBAY HIGH COURT.

From a Sketch by J. Derriman Vease, Bombay.



THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE KING OF SWEDEN: THE "TE DEUM" IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, STOCKHOLM.

From a Photograph by Axel Lindahls, Stockholm.



ILLUSTRATED BY ABBEY ALTON.

THE STORY FOR BULMER.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

"How should you, being a writer?" (And he said to himself, "Really, that's good of me.") "For, being a writer, you—are a writer, and have a writer's limitations. You fill up your natural deficiencies with self-belief. On the other hand, here I lie, naturally rotund and complete. Why should I desire praise for what I know I can do? If I want praise, it's for what I can't do. The better the writer (who has not yet arrived at the point of not writing), the better he knows that."

Petwick was good enough to smile at the conceit gonally.

"You're paradoxical, Mortimer, and always were. But there's a great difference between imagining things and putting them down."

"And a great difference between putting things down and imagining anything," said Trevarrian. "The processes are alien, opposite, self-destructive. The best of writers is at once an architect, a builder, and a labourer. I am an architect only."

"I say, what conceit!" cried Petwick.

"Isn't it?" mused Trevarrian. "From your point of view. But nothing is worth doing."

"Why from mine?"

"Because you admire an untold number of writers. I've heard you rave about a string of literary mules climbing upon the Passes of the Literary Andes, even your man Bulmer. I, on the contrary, admire no one, and float above them like—like—oh, say like a condor."

He rolled off the sofa, unbirdlike and ponderous.

"I never read a thing now. And the reason is that my own mind is fertile."

His eyes glittered, and Petwick, knowing there was truth in what he said, became humble.

"You have wonderful notions, I admit," he cried, with admiration. "There was that story you told me about the suicide. Do you remember?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said Trevarrian.

"I've told you dozens better. Why don't you use them?"

"I would if I could," groaned Petwick. "But I think a man cannot reap where he hasn't sowed."

"He can if he has any notion of business," said Mortimer cynically. "Why, that *is* business. But I'll dress now and come with you. Are you going to introduce me to a bag of brilliants to-night?"

Petwick lighted up.

"Well, there's Bulmer and Wilson and Seymour Kerr coming, and you know they're all clever chaps. And

OTHER men in the business of supplying readable matter at so much per thousand words were of opinion that James Petwick was a lame duck in literature; they considered he was and would be a failure, and wondered how he ever planted his wretched stuff upon a wary editor. On any editor, that is, who knew sufficient of his business to accept their own contributions. And their consolation was that editors certainly took very little of it.

For without doubt James Petwick was off his line in fiction. He more than suspected it, and labouring hard to acquire brilliancy of touch, only succeeded in poor imitation of the brilliant. He turned his wandering attention to belles lettres, and found no gold there. He was a poor mine on the borders of a rich belt; he paid no dividend on the capital invested in his education. Like an illicit diamond-buyer, if he ever showed a gem, it could be traced to one of the millionaires who found Parnassus a Kimberley.

But he belonged to literary clubs and to certain societies connected with letters, and was tolerated not ungenially by those who despised him. With many acquaintances he had but one friend, and that friend was infinitely his superior in brains. He had money, too. But Mortimer Trevarrian was a cynic, and suffered from *tedium vite* bitterly. For a man who might do anything does nothing, and gets tired of it. Trevarrian looked like a Jew, but of course came from Cornwall. He was big and rather fat, and had an eye like a dark opal; it gleamed or clouded strangely, and some days appeared dead and fishlike. At such times he looked lumpish and brutal. Then came fits of black melancholy. But when he woke and the scum cleared off his mind, he was a jewel, and his eyes shone like a toad's. He drank absinthe, and, being truly suspected of drugs, was predestined to the shears before his due years elapsed.

"I wonder you never write

a line," said Petwick in one of the hours when he believed in himself.

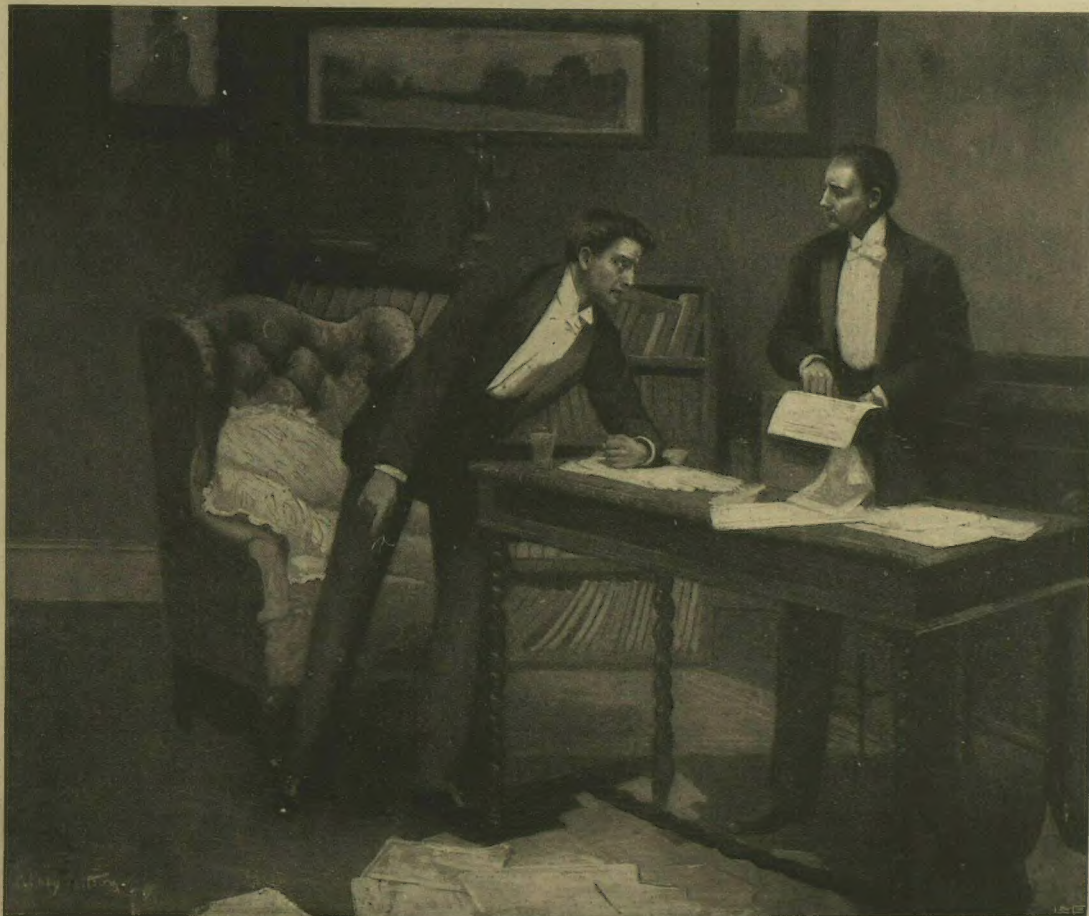
"I don't because I can," replied Trevarrian, wallowing fatly in his own sofa-cushions.

"It's a queer reason."

"The best of reasons," said Trevarrian. "If I couldn't, I might want to. No one who can write does write at all. It's your doubter of himself who writes his *graffiti*, decent or otherwise, on the wall of the world's recreation-room."

"I don't understand—"

And Trevarrian smiled.



The Fool left the machine, and stood up before the Genius and spoke.

perhaps Sir Gilbert Halliday will look in, and he is clever, Trevarrian!"

"Bosh!" said Trevarrian, "he only believes he is. And you believe it now. I wonder the trick isn't played out."

So the lamb was led to the slaughter, and made himself as comfortable as he could with much whisky-and-soda when Petwick introduced no one to him.

"Who's your fat friend?" asked Bulmer.

"The cleverest man I know," said Petwick eagerly; "let me introduce you."

And being introduced, Bulmer made himself obnoxious to Trevarrian by running Petwick down.

"H'm!" grunted Trevarrian, "you've never seen his best work yet."

"No?"

"It's far more brilliant than anything anyone here can do," said Trevarrian coldly.

Bulmer shrank like a touched sea-anemone, and then laughed with obvious contempt.

"Indeed! Then I certainly have not seen it."

He was offensive with conceit, and the implication that this unknown work was better than his own visibly annoyed him.

"Do you write anything yourself?" asked Trevarrian, with a fishy eye.

And then Bulmer withdrew.

"Your clever friend is a fool," he said viciously to Petwick, "and has the tact of a runaway horse, or ass."

"Is Bulmer really rather clever?" asked Trevarrian a little later.

"Oh, yes," affirmed Petwick, "but you didn't seem to get on with him!"

"Bah!" said Trevarrian.

"I daresay he thought I was a fool. Come now?"

"He said so," whispered round-eyed Petwick.

"He did, did he?" cried Trevarrian.

"And he'll never print a line of mine again," said Petwick mournfully.

"He will, I'll make him," said Trevarrian, with a laugh. "Come back to my rooms now, old man. And I'll tell you a story."

"I suppose we were mistaken about Petwick," said Kerr. And Wilson said the same. And so did Bulmer, even Bulmer, though he allowed his spite as a man to overcome his discretion as an editor when he refused the new stories.

"He's got to what he can do," they cried in the little circles which note the rise and fall of writers. "But who would have imagined the apple-checked Petwick, once mild and rosy even in his work, should grow so bitter, so satiric, so utterly morbid?"

And though his work bit and stung and etched itself into the impenetrable brass of the public mind, revolting against though yielding to the savage influence, James Petwick beamed mildly on a world enriching him, and was as innocuous as distilled water, a little flat on the conversational palate.

"They like those stories?" asked Trevarrian.

"They're a new drug," said Petwick, "and the abuse I— I get is wonderful. They ask for more and more and more." He looked anxiously at Trevarrian.

"Put up your prices," said Mortimer, "and keep the clamorous editors at bay. Has Bulmer crawled down yet and asked for one? I'd like him to do that! I think if he did—"

"Not yet," said Petwick, "and really if you could—for he has refused that last one."

But Trevarrian shook his head and was suddenly irritable.

"Curse it, I won't be worried!" he cried. "And curse Bulmer! Why should I care about the beast!"

The crushed Petwick shrank nervously, and by the time he recovered Trevarrian was lethargic, almost comatose, though more amiable.

"Come and live in the stable," he said.

"Eh? What?" asked Petwick.

"Where the milch cow is," said Trevarrian sleepily.

And it ended by Petwick shifting his belongings into his friend's spare room. Though he played second fiddle, the concert was not always harmonious; for Petwick was fairly natural in his habits, and Trevarrian lived in an inverted order, sleeping through the day and prowling at night.

"You're a pretty companion," growled Trevarrian.

"If it wasn't for this milking, I'd never see you."

He took to rousing Petwick at three in the morning, to dictate to him.

"You've got me into the villainous habit of wanting to see my madness on paper," he jeered as he put his night-shirted collaborator at the type-writer, "and you must suffer as I do. Confound you, Jimmy! You rose-coloured villain! I'll make you pallid! Can't I bring down this ass Bulmer? Do I grow thin?"

He was a ponderous beast, and fatter, with heavier eyelids.

"I degenerate and grow incomplete. Oh, blessed state, when thought was more real than script!" he chuckled. "I'll crib your reputation, Jimmy—you sly dog! What's yours is mine, you literary Wegg! When I die, your real leg will be taken from you, and you'll pirouette on your wooden one. Now begin! What will you do when I'm dead?"

He dictated fast, and Petwick sweated till the dawn over the story of a madman, incredible in strange and unearthly morbidity. It was a midnight puff-ball, agaric and fungus sprouted, ghosts wailed and gibbered on some unnatural earth, lighted by the sick moon. Horrible and immoral humour grinned over the walls of this graveyard, and Trevarrian squatted like an incubus in the middle of dream and nightmare. He finished in the daylight, and brought the sun into his story, not as a relief, but to make what had been but dreadful fancy a thing real, tangible, and red-dyed. So dawn sees a murder through a garret's window.

"Horrible—really, really horrible!" he said, as he finished. "I did it then. Go, young Hoffman, thing of night, prolific Petwick, accomplice, co-murderer, remove

"Pleased, I'm sure," said Petwick, always ready to forgive.

And he slipped away triumphantly.

"Certainly he hasn't got swelled head," said the less successful.

For he could not talk about himself. For Himself lay in cushions, devoured of drugs and devils, heavy and white.

"Bulmer wants one," said Petwick.

"Ha!" said Trevarrian, "I've one for him before I disappear."

"What do you mean?" asked Petwick staring.

"Before I go to my private hotel," replied Trevarrian with gleaming eyes.

"Your private hotel—"

"Fool, to the lunatic asylum," said Trevarrian swiftly.

And Petwick sat open-eyed, quaking.

"Now then my Hand, my Pen, indite," said Trevarrian mockingly. "My engineer, my mechanic, my *alter ego*, verb for my ego, play your instrument. I blow through you, cheating brass!"

He wrote their own story, and Petwick, overmastered, bent unremonstrant to the task, even when his blood chilled, and he stared over his machine at the unwieldy devil so fluent and magical in strange conceptions. And sometimes Trevarrian stayed and cleared his mind swiftly with interjected explanations.

"Petwick, Hand of mine! you are mine and me. And Trevarrian, I am Petwick—poor voice, unintelligent till I came and filled you and completed myself. D'ye hear? Go on! Go on!"

And as Petwick listened, he was absorbed and caught into the infernal current of the dictating mind. He knew what was coming, and leapt by some imparted inspiration to unspoken phrases. Birth followed quick conception, and they whirled together to the end of the tragedy, now climbing into the sky like an awful mountain. The face of one was as the face of the other; their eyes gleamed and dilated; the blood left their pallid cheeks, and Petwick chorussed the flow of words. He ran before, and Trevarrian heard him.

"What?" he cried furiously.

"I said, 'Who knows what the gods wrought before the foundation of the world,'" said Petwick.

Trevarrian came over to him.

"And what comes after?"

"I know, I know," cried Petwick triumphantly. "'For by this we suffer now.'"

"Oh, thief, thief!" cried Trevarrian, "but 'the end, the end!'"

The Fool left the machine, and stood up before the Genius and spoke.

"Then sit and write it," said Trevarrian, with a twitching face, and stranger twitchings of his right hand and arm. "Sit and write it."

He held his right hand in his left and fell back on the sofa. Petwick ran to him, but was repulsed almost with hate.

"The End, the End!" cried Trevarrian angrily. And again the Fool sat down at his machine.

"What are you doing?" he asked, as he typed fast and faster.

"Nothing," said Trevarrian, "nothing! Oh, that I had never seen you! 'Sweet friend, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?'"

That Petwick wrote down, smiling. But when he looked up Trevarrian was lying back in the cushions, and on the yellow silk was a widening band of crimson.

And the story for Bulmer was finished.

THE END

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six months, 14s. Christmas Half-Year, 15s. 3d.
Three months, 7s. Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.

ABROAD.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 16s. 4d.
Six months, 17s. 4d. Christmas Half-Year, 18s. 6d.
Three months, 8s. 8d. Christmas Quarter, 10s. 4d.

THIN EDITION.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 12s. 6d.
Six months, 15s. 2d. Christmas Half-Year, 16s. 10d.
Three months, 7s. 7d. Christmas Quarter, 9s. 3d.

Newspapers for foreign parts may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 138, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post-Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to ISCRAM BROTHERS, of 138, Strand, London.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: GRAVES OF MEN OF THE SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY KILLED IN ACTION AT SHABKADR.

From a Photograph by Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E., Bengal Sappers and Miners.

the dead, wipe up the stains, and compose your guilty face, your pallid, uncourageous countenance."

He drove Petwick out, and the accomplice fell into his bed exhausted, limp, astounded; much afraid of his strange monster.

Like other innocents, Petwick, unsuspecting of the abysses in unhealthy minds, had imagined he knew Trevarrian when he had but strolled in the civilised geography of his inside world. Now Trevarrian delighted to send him upon expeditions into the unexplored, where roamed monsters extinct in many men. In the *orbis terrarum* of the unmapped, uncharted creature he discovered things prehistoric, and stood aghast. This was a land of cannibals; this the home of a celestial race. Good and evil went hand-in-hand; devils worshipped at holy shrines; the holy danced unchastely under powerful spells, wrought by wizards in whose veins ran no human blood. He brought home from these travels odd and peculiar relics that made the untravelled wonder. His tales had a mighty vogue.

Petwick was fêted and half feared. His fellows stared at him with curiosity. This last story crowned him a genius and mad.

"It's like discovering a royal tomb of Pharaoh's in a Brixton boarding-house," said Bulmer. "But I suppose I must have one of them for the magazine, since so many confounded idiots have taken to asking me in postcards why I don't."

So he was civil to Petwick when they met, and as curious as others.

So strange a thing it seemed that the inconsiderable should spread like the Beanstalk, with a giant in the Garden.

"Give me one of your horrors," said Bulmer.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

Jandol Valley. Junction of Panjkora and Swat Rivers. Kohimor Peak, 6000 ft. high. Peshawar. Jamrud. Mamund Country. Afghan Frontier.



VIEW FROM A PEAK 10,000 FT. HIGH AT THE HEAD OF THE SALARZAI VALLEY, WITH ITS TWO BRANCHES: LOOKING SOUTH OVER THE MAIN BAJAUR VALLEY.

From a Sketch by Mr. A. D. G. Gardyne.



INTERIOR OF SHABKADR FORT, WHICH WAS BESIEGED BY THE MOHMANDS.

From a Photograph by Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E., Dingo Sappers and Miners.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

From Photographs by Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E., Bengal Sappers and Miners.



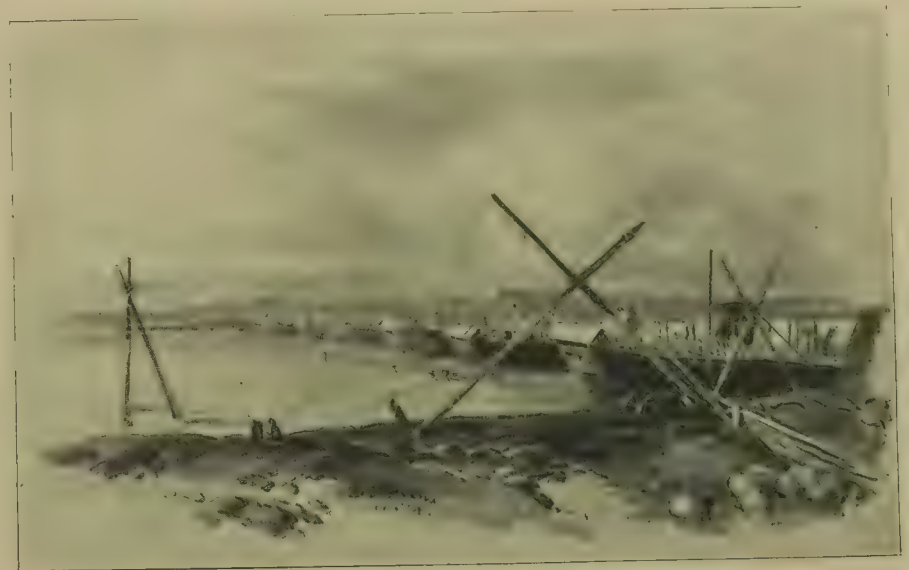
BENGAL SAPPERS AND MINERS OF THE SHABKADR COLUMN FERRYING CAMELS
OVER THE KABUL RIVER AT ADAZAL.



13TH BENGAL CAVALRY AWAITING THE RETURN OF FERRY-BOATS.



SHANKERGARI VILLAGE, LOOTED AND BURNED BY MOHMANDS.



BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE KABUL RIVER BUILT BY THE BENGAL SAPPERS AND MINERS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

From Photographs by Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E., Bengal Sappers and Miners.



THE SHABKADR COLUMN: BENGAL SAPPERS AND MINERS LOADING TRANSPORT ON THE FERRY.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO SHABKADR FORT.

The gate of this fort is cut to pieces, where the enemy tried to effect an entrance.

LITERATURE.

"THE INVISIBLE MAN."

The Invisible Man: A Grotesque Romance, by H. G. Wells (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited), will greatly enhance the reputation of a very ingenious story-teller. Mr. Wells has a remarkable faculty of invention, and a still more remarkable gift of persuasion. You may read stories quite as original as "The Invisible Man," but when the excitement of the narrative is over, the glamour vanishes and common-sense resumes its sway. Mr. Wells's peculiarity is that he not only claims your attention when you are actually reading him, but exercises the same fascination over your subsequent reflections. The idea of an invisible man may be impossible, but Mr. Wells makes it credible, and even scientific. His readers will puzzle over it long after the actual story has receded into the background of memory. A student of chemistry and optics works out the theory that the blood can be decolourised, and the tissues of the body made transparent. He cannot raise the necessary funds except by crime; he carries on his experiments in secret, and the degradation of his moral nature, which is admirably indicated, makes him an outlaw in the midst of his triumph. He becomes invisible, but the discovery has its penalties. One is that he is transparent only when he is without clothing. In this condition he roams about London in winter, catching a violent cold. When he is dressed he is a perilously curious object, for his head has to be swathed in bandages; he wears a false nose, and, without gloves, he presents to the inquisitive the spectacle of empty sleeves. This dilemma would be serious even to the most astute and self-possessed of men; but Griffin has an evil temper, exasperated by unforeseen mishaps, and he speedily finds himself in such a position that he has to roam naked about Sussex, hunted by the whole population. All the incidents, now grotesque now tragic, spring naturally from the situation, and are related with unflagging dexterity. Most astonishing is the atmosphere of reality, of cold, hard facts, which gives the book the singular actuality that lingers in the mind. In this quality Mr. Wells has a signal advantage over his contemporaries who tell wondrous tales, and it is likely to carry him very far.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

British Central Africa. By Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B., etc. With six Maps and 228 Illustrations. (Methuen and Co.)
Ex Nove Mores. By Ansel Schulz, M.D., and August Hammar. (L. With Map and Seven y Illustrations. (Heinemann.)
The Forger in the Farmyard. By Ernest Edwin Williams. (Heinemann.)

In these latter days, when occasions of offence are eagerly watched for, the British Empire has been fortunate in producing men who, in widening its boundaries, have made them more secure by tactful treatment of subject peoples. Among that honourable company, Sir Harry Johnston, whose cheery face smiles on us from the title-page of this fascinating volume, is in the front rank. A born wanderer, he found while still in early manhood worthy field for exercise of his all-round abilities and his great administrative talents as Commissioner and Consul-General of British Central Africa. It is the story of his skilful building-up of the "Cinderella among the Protectorates," as he calls that region, which is the main theme of his book. Able to supplement by pencil what his keen eye sees, deeply interested in the fauna and flora of the district, observant of native manners, customs, and beliefs, and, withal, keeping practical outlook on the needs of the trader and the settler, the result is a volume which is a perfect *rade mecum* for home and foreign use. A series of "set scenes and panoramas" of the country vividly depict man and his surroundings, and precede the story of the pluck and prescience which overcame giant obstacles in reducing a turbulent region to order. From diplomatic dealings with chiefs and extermination of slave-raiders, to the designing of a coat-of-arms of the Protectorate, a copy of which is emblazoned on the cover of this book, nothing was too great or too small to escape the directing hand of the brave and genial Commissioner. While every class of reader interested in the future of Africa will find suggestive matter in Sir Harry's book, we may call special attention to his chapter on mission work. What he says may not commend itself to the over-zealous, but it will have weight as the judicial and not unsympathetic opinion of a man who recognises the civilising influence which will be gratefully remembered by the new races of Africa when the sectarian fervour which prompted it shall long have been forgotten.

Events move so quickly in that continent that the story of an exploration undertaken twelve years ago has a certain flavour of ancient history. The Florian maxim as to locking up a manuscript for a certain term hardly applies in the present case, and whatever may be the causes which have deterred Messrs. Schulz and Hammar from publication of their narrative, it still retains freshness from the fact that the region traversed by them—a wide district south of the Zambesi—remains practically unknown. Hostile tribes inhabit it; the white man's greed has little there on which to batten; and only the sportsman is tempted to cross its difficult borders. And of records of sport this book is full, to the exclusion of matters of wider interest. However, the sumness of the contents of the bugs is varied here and there by references to social life in Central South Africa. The introduction of the travellers to one potentate through the good offices of a "Mr. Whiteley," sets the reader wondering for a moment whether the "Universal Provider" has opened a branch of the Westbourne Grove emporium in Khama's land. Among the illustrations there is a droll portrait of a Bushman woman and some excellent reproductions of Bushman rock and cave pictures which have long ranked

as valuable for comparison with prehistoric examples of savage art.

All that can be said for Protection is said with surprising force and refreshing frankness by Mr. E. E. Williams in his "The Foreigner in the Farmyard," but surely it is a mistake to hold out this forlorn hope to the farmer, and thereby divert him from an intelligent attempt to help himself? Mr. Williams has to admit the farmer's pig-headed indisposition even to consider, not to say adopt, the modes and measures which have enabled Denmark and other European, American, and Australian countries to beat him out of his own markets.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The announcement that there is to be a new literary journal, bearing the title of *Literature*, edited by Mr. H. D. Traill, and published under the auspices of our leading daily journal, is calculated to cause a flutter in literary circles. I sincerely wish the project every success. In the first place, we are all proud of the *Times* newspaper as a great national institution; in the second place, Mr. H. D. Traill is one of the most gifted critics of our time—and one likes to see a man of strong individuality guiding a journal for himself; in the third and last place, any addition to the literary journals of the day will add one further addition to our means of enjoying

people should think and judge for themselves than that they should have a few superior persons thinking for them.

Not less interesting than the literary side of Mr. Traill's new venture are its prospects considered commercially. Do the proprietors intend to rely upon publishers' advertisements, or will they make that side of the paper miscellaneous? The literary newspapers, from the point of view of book advertising, have had a severe time of late. In days gone by, the amount of money which each publisher was prepared to allot to advertising was distributed among very few journals. The great attention which daily papers have come of late years to devote to literature has compelled the publishers to distribute their advertising more widely. This has, of course, meant not a greater increase in a publisher's expenditure, but a great falling off in the revenue of individual newspapers. This new journal, *Literature*, will have to depend upon obtaining some of the advertisements which have hitherto been given to rival literary journals, upon persuading publishers still further to increase their revenue in that direction, or upon obtaining commercial advertisements, which, when once secured, are far more valuable than those of the publishers, but which publishers do not like to see mixed up with their book columns. Between these three possibilities I watch the outcome of this new venture on its commercial side with scarcely less interest than from its literary side. I am told that some publishers have pledged themselves to support it. In any case, I hope that the new journal has a long and successful career before it.

The October number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains an article by Mr. Henry Norman, entitled "The Wreck of Greece." Mr. Norman relates for the first time certain conversations which he had with the King of Greece, and throws much new light on the late war.

Mr. W. J. Stillman, the well-known correspondent of the *Times* in Rome, is now in London. He is about to publish a book dealing exhaustively with many phases of Italian social and political life in our own day. The book, which is entitled "Rome, Old and New," will be issued this month by Mr. Grant Richards. Meanwhile, I should like to call attention to a delightful little shilling book on squirrels, which Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster publish under the title of "Billy and Hans." The profits of this little volume go to the "Violet Home" for poor children requiring surgical treatment. Mr. Stillman is a devout lover of squirrels, and he here tells the story of two of his lost pets.

Among the many interesting facts which have transpired concerning Mr. R. H. Hutton in spite of his distaste for such "gossip," we learn that he did not care for Mr. George Meredith's novels, and was, indeed, very intolerant of them. This makes it noteworthy that a singularly just and eloquent appreciation of Mr. Meredith's writings appeared in the same issue of the *Spectator* as that which announced the death of its editor.

One of Mr. Hutton's strongest enthusiasms, on the other hand, was for Wordsworth's poetry. A recent number of the *Spectator* remarks that "we do not want our poets watered, not even when, as in Wordsworth's case, they assist in supplying the water themselves!"

The *Spectator's* depreciation is, of course, a paraphrase of a contemporary epigram on the Lake poets—

They dwelt at the Lakes, an appropriate quarter
 For poetry diluted with plenty of water.

It has long been known that Mr. Rider Haggard has a brother with literary inclinations. Colonel Haggard has written and published a number of short stories. The two brothers have also a sister, who has taken to literature. This is the Baroness d'Anethan, who is about to publish a novel. She is the wife of the Belgian Minister in Japan. Mr. Marion Crawford's sister, Mrs. Fraser, who has recently written several striking stories, is the widow of a former British Minister to Japan.

Mr. John Nimmo is about to republish Miss Manning's delightful story, "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," to which the Rev. W. H. Hutton contributes an introduction, in which there is not quite sufficient about the author of the book—whose name, indeed, does not appear on the title-page. Miss Manning's "Deborah's Diary," which is also reprinted in Mr. Nimmo's handsome volume, is less well known than the "Mary Powell," but it is a natural sequel. I have no doubt that this beautifully printed book, with its charming illustrations by Mr. Herbert Raiton, will have a great vogue in the Christmas season.

Mr. George Gissing has gone to Italy. He proposes to spend the winter in Siena.

Messrs. Innes and Co. are publishing a number of volumes of "Eighteenth Century Letters," edited by Mr. Brimley Johnson. The first volume, which will treat of the letters of Swift, Addison, and Steele, will contain an introduction by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. The second volume will contain the letters of Johnson and Lord Chesterfield. The book, of which I have received a specimen page, certainly bids fair to be nicely printed and nicely arranged, but I do not forget that a series of volumes of "Eighteenth Century Letters" was once projected by Bell and Son, and that this series never got beyond the first volume, although it was a very interesting volume indeed. C. K. S.



Photo Frank Dickins, Sloane Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXVIII.—MR. H. G. WELLS.

Mr. H. G. Wells, son of a professional cricketeer, was born at Bromley in 1866. After making his mark as a student at the Royal College of Science, he became a schoolmaster, and then took to journalism, through which he attracted the notice of Mr. Henley. His first story, "The Time Machine" (1886), proved so great a success that he has taken entirely to novel-writing. The same year saw the issue of his "Stolen Bacillus" and "The Wonderful Visit." Last year he published "The Island of Doctor Moreau" and "The Wheels of Chance" (he is an enthusiastic cyclist). His most recent stories are "The Invisible Man," "The Plattner Story," and "The War of the Worlds."

Life. I read with due regularity the literary columns of most of the London papers, particularly the chatty paragraphs conspicuous once a week in the evening journals, and which are also to be found in fair abundance in the columns of the great dailies. I study with equal zest the pages of the *Athenaeum*, the *Academy*, the *Literary World*, and the *Bookman*, the only four existing journals devoted to books.

My curiosity is considerably excited as to what Mr. Traill proposes to do. If he aspires merely to produce "a serious critical organ"—that is to say, long and solemn reviews of books—I do not think that success will attend his efforts. The one thing, in my judgment, he needs to show most eagerness for is news; prompt and brightly furnished information about the writers of the day and their coming achievements is what the public wants. We are not so much eager to know what Professor This or Professor That thinks about the latest novel or the latest history, as we are to be provided with a rough-and-ready statement of the book's main purpose. Books are now so cheap and so easily accessible, and a general critical instinct is now so common, that no one in the least cares what somebody else thinks about a book. A literary journal has got to tell us what are the general contents of that book, so that we may make up our minds whether we shall buy it or not. The day of the long review, entirely composed of individual opinion, is nearly over, just as the day of the leading article is nearly over, and although some of the old fogies may think that this shows a deterioration in journalism, it does nothing of the kind. It is better that

NATURE IN OCTOBER.

October—as its name betrays—the eighth month in the Roman calendar, was called by our Saxon forefathers *Wita-month*, or vintage month, and its full moon was looked upon as the first of the winter—*Winterfylleth*.

It is in this month, if the weather be favourable, that the full magnificence of the autumn shows itself. Go and stand before some towering hill or lofty bank whose sides are clad with mingled deciduous trees, and let your eyes rest upon the gorgeous prospect in the afterglow of the year—"Nature's smile before she lies down to rest"—when the atmosphere is so clear, and the temperature so mild, that the earth seems as fresh and as joyous as in spring. What a glorious admixture of lemon and gold, of orange and crimson, of olives and browns, against the purple distance! It is only surpassed by the changing glories of the wonderful sunsets. There is a wealth of colour everywhere. Nature is kind even to the moorland hills, giving them warmth and tint with the yellow and brown of the fading bracken and the purple of the lingering heather.

But October is not by any means always like this. Sometimes it is rainy and misty, cold and sullen. Sometimes it is disturbed by stormy winds that sway the trees and scatter the foliage, leaving bare, black branches weeping over layers of dank decay, and the forest walks

the cub-hunter's pack scattering the young foxes from their summer haunts.

In an ordinary season the cornfields are now bare, and the farmsteads appear to much greater advantage, supplemented as they are with their huge stacks of corn and hay. The hum of the threshing-machine is heard. If the autumn has been a wet one, there may be some black shocks of corn here and there on the land, the victims of missed opportunity.

There is an old saying—

Dry your barley in October
Or you'll always be sober.

Most people are aware of the importance attached to the "October brewings."

The sloes, bullaces, damsons, and crab-apples will now be ripe or nearly so, and the country-people who go out to seek them find by the marks on the choicest fruits that the birds live around them. The hips have not yet been attacked by the blackbirds, and the haws are still untouched by the smaller songsters. Even when the redwings and the fieldfares arrive from their Scandinavian pine-woods shortly, and take possession of the hedgerows in throngs, the haws will remain if the winter be open. They only seem to be used as the last line of defence against starvation. The acorns and the beech-mast lie thickly on the ground, and the swine are turned out to eat them.

he is named—is too wide awake yet to be caught. He may be getting sleepy, and be arranging his winter bed in the centre of some sloe or hazel bush protected by briar or bramble thorns; but if you try to grasp the little grass ball within which he is coiled, he probably slips through it, and, looking up reproachfully at you with his beautiful dark eyes, disappears into the tangle, while you withdraw your scratched hand. Wasps and wild bees struggle hard for existence as the frosts come on. Some of them have secured safe winter quarters, but the others perish wholesale.

The hedgerows have begun to change their colour. Some thorn leaves turn yellow and some crimson. Those of the dogwood become red, those of the young hazels yellow. Then the leaves of the latter begin to fall to the ground. The young willows retain a few streamers at the top.

Wheat is sown, if possible, this month, and the gardener is seen banking up his celery if he wishes it to be crisp and sweet for Christmas. Rotting vegetation has also to be cleared away from the flower-beds.

Bees should be prepared for facing the winter. There is some debate, however, as to whether they are not, as a rule, coddled too much. The honey season, which commenced in April, was practically over in August, and as the produce has been appropriated, the producers must be fed with a sweetened liquor. They cannot live on air.



1. Origin of the Fire. 2. Barn on Mr. Eyles's Farm after the Fire. 3. Ruins of Some of the Cottages.

THE FIRE AT RAVENSTONE, NEAR NEWPORT-PAGNELL, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Drawn by W. E. Wollen, R.I.

all "choked and matted with the dreary shower." Then the joy of the month is gone.

It is much pleasanter to see the year have a placid and brilliant age, with the smile of the sun upon it, than to waken up some morning and find a soft, white rime on the landscape, and the dry, crisp leaves gently raining down upon the shrinking earth, that its life may ebb—

Beneath a shroud of russet dropped with gold.

Even then—

We watch the summer leaves and flowers decay,

And feel a sadness o'er the spirit thrown,

As if the beauty fading fast away

From Nature's scenes, would leave our souls more lone.

On the first of this month, pheasants become game for the gun. Many people are of opinion that sport would be promoted if the time were put forward to November, partridges shot in October, and grouse in September. In a late season the birds are not sufficiently mature by the dates fixed for shooting them, and in October the leaves are not yet down from the trees. If the pheasants were taken in hand in November, there would still be three months in which it would be legal to kill them. They are roused from their retreats by beaters with dogs, who enter the woods and drive them towards the guns. The brilliant creatures run along the ground, bewildered, till they are startled into the air. Then the expectant sportsmen, planted between the covers, bring them down, if they can, as they fly.

The fox-hunting districts are stirred by the sound of

Berries and blossoms still linger on the brambles, but the fruit is not much gathered, as it has nothing like the flavour of the earlier growths.

All creatures are busy during this border-time between autumn and winter, feeding themselves into condition or storing up food for the adverse season. The flocks of small birds are still out in the fields, and great numbers of wood-pigeons are in the midst of the remaining stubbles. The rooks are giving their main attention to the worms in the pastures and to the acorns on the oaks. The pigeons will turn to the acorns when they have exhausted all the softened grains of corn that are lying about the fields. They also favour the cabbages and clovers.

Sheep are turned out into the stubbles, and find some nice feed there, while flocks of lapwings follow them. There is not much food uncleaned anywhere at the end of the winter, if we except the haws.

The summer bird-visitors are now gone, and the winter ones are coming. In October the flow of immigrants reaches its highest level. In addition to the redwings and the fieldfares, we have the hooded crows and woodcocks from the North, with golden plovers, and petrels, and migrating snail birds, such as chaffinches and larks, seeking clemency by working South. There is also a general movement of the birds that remain in England towards districts that supply them best with food.

The squirrels may be seen making bundles of dry leaves with which to line their winter nests, and it is amusing to watch their little bursts of petulance if anything goes wrong. The dormouse—sleep-mouse though

The flowers are fast disappearing, the prettiest blooms remaining being a few Michaelmas daisies. The mosses and the lichens, however, are coming forward; and it is in October that field clubs organise their fungus forays. To those who have never given any attention to the varieties and uses of the fungi, a pleasure and an astonishment is in store.

THE FIRE NEAR NEWPORT-PAGNELL.

On Friday of last week the village of Ravenstone, Buckinghamshire, was devastated to about half its extent by a disastrous fire. The conflagration, which was caused by a spark from a threshing-mill, broke out in a barn at Mr. W. C. Eyles's farm. The thatch first caught fire, then the whole building; a rick went next, and so the fire spread rapidly to the adjoining cottages. The united supply of water brought by the villagers was powerless to cope with the swiftly growing flames, and very soon a quarter of the hamlet was burning. Riders were sent for the Olney Brigade, but when it arrived insufficient water frustrated the firemen's efforts; and when, later on, the Newport Brigade arrived, the same unfortunate circumstance rendered all attempts to extinguish the flames practically useless. Over one hundred cottagers were rendered homeless, but a commodious house-room was found for these over the stables at Gayhurst House, the residence of Mr. W. W. Carlile, M.P. for the division. In many cases the victims had no time to save their belongings. There were many narrow escapes, but, fortunately, no loss of life.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: SHABKADR FORT ATTACKED BY TRIBESMEN, AUGUST 10.



VAUXHALL BRIDGE, SOON TO BE DEMOLISHED.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church Congress of 1897 began at Nottingham on Tuesday with four opening services, instead of the usual three. The preachers on these occasions were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Calcutta, the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, and the Bishop of Iowa. On Wednesday a novel feature was introduced into the Congress by an attempt to set before Church people the Solemn method of singing the plain chant. A small choir of ladies, with cantors, trained by Mr. Harold Gibbs, sang the Solemn Mass, and also Evensong, at St. Mathias'. The choir was heard on the following days at Sneinton and St. John's, Leen Side, and again at St. Mathias'. To-day they sing a concluding Mass at St. Alban's. Thursday evening's meeting for working-men was addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Dean of Rochester, Canon Winnington-Ingram, and Lord Hugh Cecil.

By the appointment of Dr. Browne to Bristol, the Suffragan Bishopric of Stepney falls vacant. Another

who, recognising the enormous task before the London School Board, will seek to do it and refuse to spend their days in wrangling over one department of its work. Unless Churchmen are content with the inevitable compromise, "sooner or later the great mass of the electors will find a solution by returning a secular majority to power."

The Council of Plymouth have promptly and decisively rejected the proposal to hold Sunday concerts in the town under the patronage of the Corporation. A powerful and effective opposition, resulting in the appearance before the Council of deputations representing the Church of England, the Wesleyans, and others, prevailed.

It will be learned with pleasure that Bishop Westcott's health has already materially improved.

An unusual and pleasing incident has taken place at Thames Ditton. The Rev. E. H. Rogers, after labouring in the parish for thirty-seven years, was presented by the Nonconformists of the village with a handsome testimonial

Dean to the tune "Moriah," from the Calvinistic Methodist tune-book.

It is proposed to supplant "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" by a new and watered-down edition, with the apparent intention of eliminating everything that may be objectionable to anyone calling himself an English Churchman in the hope that it may be officially recognised as the one and only authorised hymn-book of the English Church. A circular has been sent about by the proprietors to a limited number of persons. The extreme High Church party say that if the compromise of the present book is abandoned, a decidedly Catholic book will be proposed. A committee is being formed, and a meeting will be held to consider the best means of opposing the suggested alterations.

The stand erected round the fabric of St. Clement Danes Church for the Jubilee realised £5750, to which legally the rector is entitled. He has decided, however, to give the whole amount for the purpose of the complete restoration of both the exterior and the interior of the

Mr. S. J. T. Lynch.

Mr. J. T. Ward.

Rev. A. C. Beckton.

Mr. T. L. K. Edge.

Mr. H. E. Thornton.

Mr. D. O. S. Ransom.



Rev. H. A. Gem.

Canon Singleton.

Bishop of Southwell.

Archdeacon of Nottingham.

Rev. R. Holden.

Canon Ferris.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NOTTINGHAM: A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP.

From a Photograph by Lusill and Sons, Baker Street.

suffragan see, that of Dover, is also vacated by the designation of Dr. Eden to Wakefield. As to the question of successors, although several names are mentioned, nothing authoritative can as yet be stated. The Bishop of Stepney will vacate his canonry at St. Paul's on his confirmation as Bishop of Bristol, which ceremony takes place at Bow Church on Saturday, Oct. 23.

There is still a great deal of feeling about the treatment of Canon Streetfield over the vicarage of Clifton. There is reason to believe that the vast majority of the actual parishioners who are Church people think that the man, and not the garment, is the chief consideration. The *Record* quotes two significant passages from the charge of Mr. Simeon to his trustees. They are urged to elect no one who has not a perfectly independent mind, and they are also told to be particularly on their guard against petitions from the parishes to be provided for.

The Voluntary Schools Defence Union has been called nothing more than an agency for the support of Mr. Riley's position in the London School Board contest. The whole policy of the High Churchmen is declared by the leading Evangelical journal to be a blunder. Men must be found

in recognition of his friendly relations with them during his ministrations.

Complaints are made that at the festival of the Three Choirs at Hereford placards were posted about the Cathedral enjoining due regard for the House of God. This has been called a strong reflection on the teaching which has for a thousand years taught reverence on the same spot, and entirely superfluous. It is asserted in reply that the festival has now become a society function ranking with Ascot and Henley, and the other movable feasts of the calendar of fashion. The choicest seats go to the richest applicants. The Cathedrals are changed into concert-halls, and everything is done to efface the sentiment and even the very appearance of a place of worship.

Yet another festival is announced for a cathedral—this time a Welsh one. Dean Howell, of St. David's, has arranged a typical Welsh musical festival, to be held next summer. The programme, which is already announced, will contain "Dewi Sant," Mr. David Jenkins's masterpiece, of which the final scene is laid in St. David's ancient fane. There will also be performed a hymn written by the

church. The scheme of restoration would include the introduction of electric light, repairing the organ, restoring the altar, and the restoring of a chest in which the deeds of the church were deposited many hundreds of years ago.

October 12 will see the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Church of Emmanuel at Exeter. The ceremony will be performed by General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., who is lord of the manor, and patron of the mother church. Among the many distinguished Devonians who have promised to assist will be the Earl of Devon, the Bishop of Exeter, and Sir George Williams. The last named, whose son, the Rev. Hitchcock Williams, is to be the first vicar, has, with his well-known munificence, given £3000 towards the building fund.

Canon Gore is now visiting America. He is said by the American papers to be the head of the Order of the Resurrectionists, composed of Episcopalian priests who have taken the vow of celibacy for a term of years. The vow is taken not for doctrinal reasons, but to secure greater efficiency in service. The headquarters of the order in the United States will be at Boston, and it is said that the Rev. Charles H. Brent will be the Superior.—V.



"THE WHITE HEATHER," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE: THE SUBMARINE DUEL.

The most realistic and sensational scene ever devised for a Drury Lane autumn drama. Lord Angus Cameron, the villain, disguised as a diver, is confronted at the bottom of the sea by a humble admirer of the heroine. The two men wage a desperate conflict, which ends in the villain's death by asphyxiation, his adversary having severed the air-tube of his diving dress.



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE. THE DESCENT OF CHILKOOT PASS.



A PARISH COUNCIL.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have often wondered why Carlyle, or Michelet, or Ranke, or, for the matter of that, some other great historian, has never written a monograph on "Luck in History." The subject has suggested itself to me more than once, but seldom more temptingly than within the last few weeks. Fortunately for myself, I am absolutely proof against certain temptations; I do not belong to the category of "cocksure" individuals who aver that "one never knows what one can do until one tries." To write an essay of that kind requires not only an encyclopedical knowledge of the world's events, but an intimate acquaintance with the private lives and characters of those who jointly or separately created those events or helped to shape them after they were created. The writer must, moreover, be either a profound philosopher or an unquestioning believer in the inexorable designs of Providence—i.e., he must be prepared to trace every great historical drama or comedy backward to its primary causes, or fling logic to the wind, and say that God willed those things from "the very first," and that God does not revise His original scheme for the governing of the universe. I need scarcely say that I know myself to be utterly deficient in both those qualities of learning—logic and belief.

Epigrams would not be of the slightest avail in lieu of research or as a confession of faith. Pascal's dictum, for instance, to the effect that "if Cleopatra's nose had been different from what it was, the whole history of the world would have been changed," contains, no doubt, an atom of truth as far as the conquests of Rome were concerned, but the atom does not represent a millionth part of the whole. Balzac's attempt to account for the downfall of the Stuarts in one line does not strike one as being more to the point. "If James I. was the son of Rizzio and not of Darnley, all the misfortunes that have befallen the Stuarts are the visitation of God's justice." This is laying the blame jointly on Providence, the humpbacked David, and Mary, while, in fact, if anyone was to blame at all for Mary's error and its consequences, it was Elizabeth, who forced that young "jackanapes" of a Darnley as a husband on her kinswoman, Milton, who was both a poet, a philosopher, and a God-fearing man, refused to make Providence the responsible author for purely human-made historical dramas. When the Duke of York, afterwards James II., asked him if he did not think that his (Milton's) blindness was the Almighty's punishment for Milton's behaviour to James's father, the poet replied, "What must your father have done? God only took my sight; He took your father's head."

All this has recurred to me; first, on the occasion of King Oscar the Second's Silver Jubilee; secondly, during the last few days in connection with Wilhelm the Second's visit to Francis Joseph and the doings at Budapest. I am not going to join in the senseless outcry, mainly bred from ignorance and jingoism, against the German Emperor; but it is neither detracting from his merits nor emphasising his defects to question his superiority over his host, whether as a ruler or as a private gentleman. Without libelling the dead, the same might be said with regard to Wilhelm's immediate ancestors. Wilhelm I. and his son Frederick were certainly not more intelligent in State matters or more amiable in their private relations than is Francis Joseph.

Yet the latter appears to have had all the "bad luck," and the others all the "good fortune." In spite of Blücher and his predecessors, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, Prussia cut by no means an important figure at the Congress of Vienna. In fact, if I remember rightly, Blücher was not even there. Although Austria had not contributed actively to the overthrow of Napoleon, Austria held the hegemony of Germany until the appearance of Bismarck on the scene. But though playing only second fiddle in the Fatherland, the Hohenzollerns were happier than the Hapsburgs. Their (the Hohenzollerns') subjects did not trouble them half as much as those of the Hapsburgs did. Friedrich-Wilhelm IV. had a much easier task in quelling the Revolution of '48 in his States than had young Francis Joseph, who had just ascended the throne, in dealing with the Hungarians. Louis Philippe, who had a good deal more brains than the King of Prussia, and certainly as much as the Austrian, failed to deal with his subjects at all. Was it because the Hohenzollern had "luck" and the others had not? Perhaps. The armies of Napoleon III. in 1859 were unquestionably inferior to those of Austria, and the allies of France—not to put too fine a point upon it—counted for very little; yet Austria was defeated and had to give up some of her Italian possessions, while Victor Emmanuel increased his, and France took Nice and Savoy.

Austria helped Prussia to despoil Denmark. Prussia got Schleswig-Holstein and Austria got "prugeln" in 1866. Her position in Europe was only morally reduced by her defeat, but, curiously enough, her victory at Custozza was atoned for by the loss of another slice of territory. It seemed, at the first blush, a piece of bad luck for Prussia when one of her Princes failed to secure the Spanish throne. The piece of bad luck turned out to be the biggest slice of luck recorded in modern history. It finally gave Wilhelm I. the title of Emperor, and practically—though not nominally—Alsace-Lorraine.

An Austrian Prince also endeavoured to found a new empire—it cost him his life. Francis Joseph is an excellent husband and father; there are no little escapades in his life such as those that were whispered about Wilhelm I. Yet Augusta of Saxo-Weimar doted on him, while it is an open secret that Francis Joseph's married life has not been a happy one. The Emperor Frederick's death was a sad but natural one. What shall we say for Rudolph of Hapsburg's? And at the present moment the Austrian Emperor, notwithstanding many concessions, is beset by difficulties at home. We do not say that Wilhelm II. is entirely free from them. Yet he appears to cope with them, while the other seems to fail. Is it luck? Carlyle could have explained. I cannot.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

THOMAS E. LAURENT (Bombay).—The problem for which you think you have a second solution was one of the most difficult we ever published, and you share the fate of many skillful solvers in failing to find the correct attack. The defence to your proposed solution is F takes R P, followed by B takes P.

G. DOUGLAS ANGUS.—Thanks for the amended diagram, which we hope to find correct.

E. BROWN (Cardiff).—Your problems shall be examined and reported upon.

ZETA (Framlingham, Mass., U.S.A.).—We will examine the corrected version with pleasure.

F. W. ANDREW.—Very good. It is marked for early insertion.

ANGELICA PEREIRA (Bombay).—In your problem White can play 2. K to Kt 7th, which is as effective as your own continuation.

H. W. L. L.—If Black play 1. K to Q 6th, you say 2. Q to K 6th (ch), but if P takes Q we see no mate next move.

CORRECTOR SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2779 received from Corporal G. A. Gilbert (Penang); of No. 2783 from W. R. James (Bangalore); of No. 2784 from Rev. Armando de Rosset Meares (Mount Vernon, U.S.A.); of No. 2787 from M. Berry (Fairest), John D. Swinton (Hawick), H. S. Brandreth (Venice), Castle Lea, John G. Lord (Castleton), Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell), Captain J. A. Chaffee (Great Yarmouth), E. M. (Ayr), Edith Corser (Reigate), J. Lake Ralph, T. V. Semik (Erague), Miss D. Grogan (Buxton), E. G. Boys, C. E. H. (Clifton), and E. B. Ford (Cheltenham).

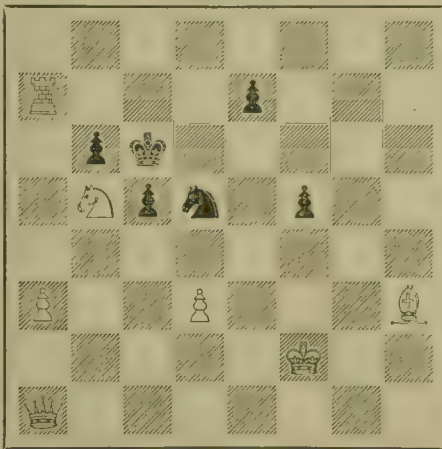
CORRECTOR SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2788 received from T. Batty (Colchester), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), C. E. H. (Clifton), H. D. O. Bernard, F. A. Carter, G. Sidenbank (Ridport), Miss D. Grogan, E. G. Boys, J. Lake Ralph, R. H. Brooks, F. Hammond (Worthing), G. Birmbach (Berlin), Dr. F. St. H. S. Brandreth (Venice), T. V. Semik (Prague), H. Le Jeune, G. T. Hughes (Portsmouth), Shadforth, N. J. Cole, F. Anderson, E. London, Edward J. Sharpe, J. D. Tucker (Hiley), Thomas Harrington, Black, John G. Lord (Castleton), F. Hooper (Putney), F. W. G. (Edgborough), C. M. O. (Buxton), L. Desanges, Joseph Willcock (Chester), G. Hawkins (Camberwell), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), T. G. (Ware), C. E. Perugini, E. Workers (Canterbury), Sorrento, J. Bailey (Newark), T. Roberts, and W. P. K. (Cleveland).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2787.—By JEFF ALLEN.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 3rd. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2790.—By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Berlin Tourney between Messrs. A. ZINKL and S. ALAPIN.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. Z.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. Q to R 4th	K R to K 5th
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	18. K to K 5th	P to K 4th
3. Kt to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	19. B takes P	P takes B
4. Kt to K 3rd	P to Kt 4th	20. Q to R 7th (ch)	Q to R 8th (ch)
5. P to K 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	21. Q takes P	Q to R 4th (ch)
6. P takes P	P takes P	22. K to Q 2nd	Q to R 4th (ch)
7. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. K to B 4th	Q to R 4th (ch)
8. Castles	B to K 2nd	24. K takes P	Q to R 4th (ch)
9. P to Q Kt 3rd	Castles	25. P to Kt 4th	P to Kt 4th
10. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	26. P to K 2nd	P to K 2nd
11. R to Q 3rd	R to K 5th	27. R to K 4th	P to K 2nd
12. K to Q 2nd	R to K 5th	28. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
13. R to Q 3rd	R to K 5th	29. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
14. B to K 3rd	Q to K 2nd	30. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
15. P to K Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	31. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
16. Kt to Q Kt 5th	P takes P	32. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
17. Kt takes B	Kt to K 5th	33. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
18. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to K 5th	34. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
19. B takes Kt	Kt takes B	35. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
20. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	36. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
21. R takes R	R takes R	37. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
22. R to Q 3rd	R takes R	38. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
23. B takes B	R takes R	39. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
24. B takes B	Q to Q 4th	40. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
25. K to K 5th	Q to Q 4th	41. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
26. Q takes Q	B takes Q	42. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
27. B to R 3rd	B takes Q	43. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
28. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 2nd	44. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)

It was apparently White's aim to exchange, and this leads him into trouble, as will be seen.

Another game in the same tourney between Messrs. R. CHARONK and A. BURN.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	17. Q to R 4th	K R to K 5th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	18. K to K 5th	P to K 4th
3. Kt to Q 3rd	P to K 3rd	19. B takes P	P takes B
4. B to K 3rd	P takes P	20. Q to R 7th (ch)	Q to R 8th (ch)
5. Kt takes P	Q Kt to Q 2nd	21. Q takes P	Q to R 4th (ch)
6. Kt to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	22. K to Q 2nd	Q to R 4th (ch)
7. Kt takes Kt (ch)	Kt takes Kt	23. K to B 4th	Q to R 4th (ch)
8. B to K 3rd	Castles	24. K takes P	Q to R 4th (ch)
9. B takes Kt	B takes B	25. P to Kt 4th	P to Kt 4th
10. Q to K 2nd		26. P to K 2nd	P to K 2nd
11. Q to K 4th	P to K 3rd	27. R to K 4th	P to K 2nd
12. P to K 4th	P takes P	28. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
13. Castles Q R	Q to R 4th	29. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
14. P to R 3rd		30. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
15. P takes P	Q takes R P	31. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
16. Q to B 4th	B to Kt 2nd	32. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)

This is the right method, and ought to have succeeded.

White resigns.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been making a little tour by way of visiting the Brussels Exhibition, and for the purpose of noting anything that might appear to be new and interesting on the scientific side of the affair. I regret to say that my search has not been rewarded by the discovery of any important novelties in the way of aids to education. There is much in the Exhibition that is well worth a visit, but there is equally an absence of striking features. The sarcastic remark that every exhibition is simply a big shop has much truth in it; and at Brussels it is difficult to separate oneself from the idea that you are walking through a huge bazaar. Certain departments, however, stand out conspicuously by reason of their completeness. The military section is specially complete, and if the art of slaying is shown forth (as regards means and ends) in full detail, I am glad to say the art of saving life and of tending the wounded is equally conspicuous in the very fine show of ambulance appliances which are on view. The British section disappoints one. It is neither so full nor so complete as it might have been.

The Educational Section at Brussels is interesting. All the Universities send exhibits of apparatus, books, photographs, and the like, although it is doubtful if the general public will be edified by the exhibit of certain beautiful microscopic photographs, contributed by the University of Brussels, and shown as transparencies, wherein various stages in embryology are shown forth. Also, one fails to see the utility or advisability of hanging up in a public exhibition large diagrams showing different surgical operations undertaken on the internal organs by a surgical expert in Brussels. Some people have no sense of "the fitness of things," and such exhibits, while proper enough and necessary in a technical or professional museum, are simply objects inspiring morbid curiosity or disgust in the case of the general public. Geologists will be delighted with the collections which deal with the special objects of their study. The collection of coal-fossils is large and complete, and the reproduction of a *Sigillaria*, one of the trees of the coal period, is specially well executed. There was nothing in the department devoted to educational appliances which struck me as representing an advance on our own very complete equipment. Indeed, I think the furnishing of many of our own Board schools would give points to anything extant in the kingdom of King Leopold. But the educational spirit is abroad here, and enterprise is being exhibited in bringing the furniture of education, if so I may term it, well up to date.

Speaking of education in Belgium, I had the felicity of inspecting, a few days ago, one of the most perfectly appointed schools for girls I remember to have seen, and as myself being deeply and practically connected with education, I bear testimony to the pleasure the visit in question afforded me. Many English parents are desirous of sending their daughters abroad in order to perfect their knowledge of languages by residence in France, Belgium, Switzerland, or Germany. The great desire of the parents in such a case is to secure a home for their children which shall, first of all, be thoroughly hygienic, and which, in the next place, will present them with all the advantages of a liberal education at a fair and not excessive cost. I was specially invited to inspect the school of which I speak, situated in the highest part of Brussels, on the borders of the beautiful Bois de la Cambre, at 36, Avenue Legrand. There Madame Roche-Dieu, assisted by her husband (who is English), have established a seminary, which has held its own for years as a model of what an educational establishment should be. The house stands in its own grounds, and at the rear is a miniature forest overlooking the lawn-tennis ground. The whole environment of the house is redolent of health. The dormitories are spotless, the sanitary arrangements are all that could be desired, and I was specially struck by the size and lofty nature of the class-rooms, which in these respects would put to shame those of many an English school. The educational course is full and complete, while the constant personal supervision of the lady who has founded the establishment ensures the health and happiness of her charges. I strongly advise any of my readers who happen to be interested in education abroad, to visit No. 36, Avenue Legrand, where I am certain they will be made welcome, and be accorded the same courtesies which met me in my tour of inspection.

A lady critic, who writes frequently, always anonymously, and mostly in terms the reverse of polite, has addressed to me a remarkable effusion, which, as an interesting, if hardly edifying, study in psychology, deserves to be rescued temporarily from the waste-paper basket, wherein her diatribes find a fitting end. Writing of my recent remarks on vegetarianism in this column, she says that as she knows that everything I condemn must be excellent, she is going to give vegetarianism a trial. I am delighted to hear of her resolve. I wish her every success in her endeavour to assimilate plant-foods alone, only I could wish that vegetarianism had made a convert from a worthier motive than that which might be described as sheer obstinacy. I sincerely trust, however, that my lady critic will not extend her practice of diametrical opposition to me without careful consideration of possible and sad endings of her career. If I approve of strict temperance, her logic may lead her towards alcoholism; if I change my opinions of vegetarianism, and proclaim myself a devotee of lentils and like fare, she will be logically compelled to take to an exclusive meat diet. The possible consequences of her resolve are really dreadful to contemplate. I trust my critic will pause and consider awhile before she finally decides to try the opposite of everything I condemn. But one must not take hysteria *au sérieux*, and I should like to add that I do not condemn vegetarianism. I did write strongly, and I shall always do so, of the insensate and ridiculous ideas that vegetarianism is suited for everybody, and that the eating of meat, as alleged by the vegetarian fanatics, is an offence against some shadowy morality, to the practice of which they lay claim when they regard the butcher's shop and the fishmonger's emporium as the abodes of dietetic evil.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I have just seen a new sort of boa that pleases me very much; it is quite flat, made of ermine and tied into a broad bow in the front with short ends fringed with ermine tails. Ermine is the joy of the life of the Parisians, and we shall, no doubt, follow their enthusiastic lead in this devotion. It is a very becoming fur, and it wears sufficiently well, but should only be used as a lining or as a trimming. A whole coat of ermine would be distinctly hideous, and not to be recognised for a moment; however, its influence on the dark sealskin coat or the dark cloth jacket is alike beneficial, and these boas will, no doubt, receive the popularity they deserve. They need completion by a muff, not necessarily made of ermine, but certainly showing a little trimming of this; it may have a velvet centre or a sealskin centre, and just bear a border and lining of ermine. The latest idea is to make the muffs in a long narrow form, irreverently termed the "sausage" shape, but well comprehended by that description. These are not only made of fur but of velvet, and the most popular of colours are deep tawny orange and dull Wedgwood blue. It will be necessary, of course, in the near future that the toques should match the muffs and the boas, and I observe that small felt and cloth hats are to have as much affection lavished upon them as the toques of yesteryear.

The new felt hats are narrow, the brim turning up at the back, slanting a little downward in the front, boasting beef-eater crowns, and being trimmed with fearsome-looking birds of the pheasant tribe that are certainly not of pure breed. Speckled wings and quills of all descriptions are much in evidence, these shading mostly to the brown tones, and looking well on hats of coloured velvet or hats to match. The latest novelty in felt hats is of biscuit tone, trimmed with grey feathers; these feathers taking the form of fluffy quills, and spreading outwards at wild angles. The combination of colour is very curious, the biscuit colour with the grey; but, being a novelty, it must be reckoned attractive. I saw a very charming cloth dress showing this combination of colour. The dress was of grey, the bodice was made to overhang the belt and show a waistcoat of biscuit-coloured cloth braided in grey; oxidised silver buttons were used to trim it, and a small cravat of cream-coloured lace fell from a cream satin collar-band at the neck. The skirt hung softly from the hips to the hem, and was trimmed on the edge with three

glacé trimmed with braces of black guipure, and bearing at the neck a tie of ivory chiffon with kilted ends edged with black lace, the collar-band being made of one fold of gold galloon and one of emerald green silk.

Just a touch of colour in the collar-band is a mania with the Parisians just now. Their dresses are entirely of one shade, and at the neck they will add some vivid hue bearing no relationship to the tone of the gown, yet somehow striking a harmonious note. The Parisians do understand the art of colour; there is no doubt about that; and delicious effects are achieved by a touch of turquoise blue on the collar of a hyacinth cloth gown, and with a collar of light green on a dress of dark red like that one I have just described; while rose pink looks charming with gold galloon beneath to finish a black dress. The best of the collar-bands this year are made straight in the front, with pieces of satin turned over at the back, these being shaped, not frilled, yet standing out at the neck. We still continue to wear the neckties tied in the front, but the linen collars have given place to those of muslin or of lawn and lace, and the most popular ties are those of plaid in a soft make of silk.

And now let me tell you of a capital selection of tweeds and serges that can be obtained from Egerton Burnett, of Wellington, Somerset. I have just been investigating with much interest a box of their new patterns, finding among them some excellent tweeds for cycling and some little checked stuffs for everyday dresses, which go by the name of the "Goodwin," and under any other name would please me just as much. This "Goodwin" in black and green plaid for 2s. 11½d. a yard is really a most advisable purchase for an autumn costume. And a remarkable bargain is the "Belsize," at 1s. 9d. a yard. This is a tweed procurable either in grey or in dun brown, labelled for cycling or extra strong wear. A nice manly check is the "Edinburgh," particularly attractive in chestnut hue; and the "Norfolk" is a most worthy stuff, being specially admirable in dark red, with a herring-bone pattern upon it in black. There is a first-class quality of habit cloth, fifty-two inches wide, known under the name of the "Duchess," at 4s. 11d. a yard, which might be called upon to make costumes of any description; and the blue serges and grey serges appear at all prices, from 1s. 11½d. upwards. Egerton Burnett's serges may speak for themselves after all these years, and may be had on demand from Wellington, Somerset.

But let me describe the illustrations—I am always leaving them to the last. The one shows a costume of dark blue rep trimmed with dark green velvet and braidings of black and tinsel. Its details may be left to any intelligent observer. The other picture represents a cloak of grey cloth; the pouched fronts are edged with chinchilla, the triple sleeves are bordered with rows of braid, while round the waist is a belt of black satin fastened with a jewelled buckle, jewelled clasps holding the long black satin ribbons which hang from neck to hem.

PAULINA FRY.

NOTES.

The engagement of Chinamen as domestic servants has been suggested as a means of relieving our maid-servant famine. The Chinese man is, indeed, established as a domestic in Australia and California. But there are grave objections to John Chinaman, he is anything but clean in his general habits, and he has been known to demoralise the children of a house in a shocking way. The latest suggestion of a correspondent of the *Times* to a British housewife is to try Armenian men as servants, to do ordinary housework and cooking. This experiment, too, has been already made in America, and with great success. It seems that the Armenian men are accustomed to do a good deal of housework in their own native homes, and that they are very willing to learn the unaccustomed ways and habits of another nation, and do their work well. A number of American mistresses bear testimony to the willingness and general trustworthiness of these new servants.

There is something in a name. It was mentioned at a recent meeting of the Lambeth Board of Guardians that they had found it impossible to get any girls to apply for situations as "general servants," but that on the term (for exactly the same duties) being altered to "ward-maid," plenty of applications were received. The name "servant" has long ago vanished in America, "help" being always substituted.

Frau Schepeler-Lette, the head of the "Lette-Verein" at Berlin, has just died at the age of sixty-seven. She was the daughter of the founder of the institution, and retained his name on her marriage with that of her husband in front of it. Dr. Lett started the "Verein" in 1865 as a training school for girls of the poorer middle class who needed a wage-earning occupation. He founded, in connection with the "Verein," classes in art, including engraving and lithography; in commercial subjects, so as to fit the pupils for clerkships; and in lighter industrial occupations, such as typesetting, watchmaking, bookbinding, and others. Dépôts for the sale and ordering of work were opened, and an employment bureau was organised. From the first the institution enjoyed the patronage and active assistance of the then Crown Princess, now the Empress Frederick. She gave a subscription to be announced at the initial meeting of the society, and allowed her name to be used as patroness. It was at her suggestion that a bazaar to provide funds was held in the second year of the "Verein's" existence, and she personally superintended the arrangements and sent pictures of her own painting to be sold. This gracious personal help left the stronger impression of gratitude in the minds of those

concerned, because her Imperial Highness was then in her first mourning for her lost baby, Prince Sigismund.

A feature of the "Lette-Verein's" work now is precisely what I urged the need of here last week—a domestic school. It was at first called a "servants' school," but even in practical Germany objections were raised to the name, and it was altered to "household school," a really



A GREY CLOTH CLOAK.

better title, because it allows of girls whose lot in life will probably be that of guiding and directing a house as mistresses joining the classes with those of humbler station. The household school course lasts seven months, and the subjects taught are cooking, washing and ironing, dress cutting and making, and hair-dressing. Connected with it is a ladies' restaurant, and there is also a boarding-house for women only (das Victorinstift), for which the pupils of the household school do the cooking. Another feature of the "Lette-Verein" is a lending bank, from which advances of small sums on reasonable terms are made to women to enable them to enter on businesses in which they show that they have a chance of succeeding, or for the purchase of a sewing-machine or other tools. "The number of those benefited in the thirty years of the society's existence is counted by thousands," wrote Frau Schepeler-Lette in the article from which I gather these particulars; "and besides the work of the Berlin office, similar societies have been started in a great many other German towns, modelled on this one and supplied with teachers trained by us." The "Lette-Verein" was in the beginning confessedly modelled on the London "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women," but soon, as will be seen, outstripped its pattern.

Dr. Farquharson, M.P., in opening the Congress of the Sanitary Institute, demurred to the theory that the increase of nerve diseases and weaknesses is due to the competition and stress of an overcrowded age. He points out that it is, in fact, not the busy people so much as those who do nothing who suffer from nerve complaints: "Not the strenuous workers in the hive, but the drones who, more by chance than design, and from lack of opportunity rather than deliberate idleness, lose the healthy stimulus of occupation, and spend their time in that most wearisome of human occupations, trying to kill it." Few doctors will question that this is so with women; that those most likely to suffer from "nerves" are not the workers (hard though work often is to do), but the listless and unoccupied. Many women, indeed, are so constituted as to find plenty to do in trifles, but for the active-brained and naturally capable girl these do not suffice, and strenuous work is needful for her health.

Perfume is so much a matter of individual fancy that it is impossible to tell whether a new scent will obtain wide acceptance. Messrs. Atkinson, the well-known perfumers of 24, Old Bond Street, must, at any rate, be credited with producing quite a novelty in their latest production, to which they give the name of "Aoline." It comes in the form of an essence for the handkerchief, a toilet cream, a face-powder, and a soap, the characteristic scent appearing in all. It is rather of the character of a toilet vinegar than of the perfect sweetness of many perfumes. It is refreshing, and gives a sense of cool and clean atmospheric surroundings in a hot and crowded room. The cream is good for tan, sunburn, and chapping, and the odour it leaves is very delicate and unobjectionable. The soap and powder also both seem very nice; indeed, the makers' name is a guarantee of purity and excellence.—F. P.-M.



COSTUME OF DARK BLUE REP.

tucks of grey cloth, each one headed by a braiding. And in the company of this I met an excellent gown of dark red cloth, with the skirt showing braids round the back from the waist to the hem, these terminating either side of the front seam. The coat was of the sac-description back and front, the shoulder-seams being elongated to form epaulettes; and these with the jacket itself were entirely covered with lines of braiding, while the sleeves were made of the plain cloth. This was lined throughout with ivory-white satin, and the bodice was of a red-and-white shot



"Never mind, baby! it will soon grow now."

"HARLENE"

The Great Hair Producer and Restorer.

THE FINEST DRESSING, SPECIALLY PREPARED & PERFUMED, FRAGRANT & REFRESHING. IS A LUXURY & A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.

"HARLENE" PRODUCES LUXURIANT HAIR.

Prevents its Falling Off or Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World-Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c.; also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour.

"HARLENE" Preserves, Strengthens, and Invigorates Children's Hair. Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (triple 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 and 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with a codicil (both dated Oct. 19, 1894), of Mr. George Gordon Macrae, J.P., of Beechfield, Hartford, Chester, who died on June 16 last, has been proved at the Chester District Registry by Alfred Billson, M.P., and Arthur Lionel Woodhouse, the cousin, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £220,619. The testator bequeaths £1000 and his leasehold house Beechfield, with the furniture, plate, household effects (except pictures and objects of art), carriages and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Jessie Macrae; £500 to Alfred Billson; £5500 to his cousin Arthur Lionel Woodhouse; £5000, upon trust, for his cousin Hannah Shore, for life, and then to her children; £1000 each to the Royal Infirmary (Liverpool); the Seaman's Orphanage (Liverpool); £1000 to Eliza Meteyard; £2500 each to his cousins Alice and Cecilia Woodhouse; and legacies to servants. He devises The Uplands, with the furniture and household effects therein (except pictures and objects of art), to his cousin Hannah Shore. His wife is to have the use and enjoyment of his pictures and objects of art during her life, and she is to be at liberty to dispose of them as she may think fit, but any remaining at her death are to go as heirlooms with Norley Hall, Frodsham, the residence of his cousin, Samuel Henry Woodhouse. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, during her life, and at her decease as to one third thereof to his godson, Edward Mostyn Woodhouse; one third to the children of his cousin, Samuel Henry Woodhouse, and the remaining one third is to be divided into three portions, one of which he gives to the children of John Forbes Woodhouse, one to the children of Frederick William Woodhouse, and the remaining one portion to the children of Blanche Cordelia Courtney.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1892) of Mr. Joseph Toward Eltringham, of Eastgarth, Westoe, Durham, ship-builder, who died on June 20, has been proved in the Durham District Registry by Mrs. Eleanor Eltringham, the widow, Harry Eltringham, the son, and Durham Walker Fitzgerald, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £112,059. Subject to a legacy of £1000 to his wife, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to her during such time as she shall remain his widow, but should she again marry she is to receive £500 per annum. At her death or remarriage he gives £30,000 to his son Harry; £20,000 each to his sons Alan and Hugh Cyril; £10,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, and the ultimate residue between all his children as tenants in common.

The Irish letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Patrick Egan, of Tullamore, merchant, who died on May 4, granted at Dublin on July 29 to George A. Moorhead, J.P., the guardian to the infant children, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £79,644.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1872), with a codicil (dated Nov. 6, 1890), of Mr. Claudius Francis Du Pasquier,

F.R.C.S., of Clifton House, Church Road, Upper Norwood, and formerly of 62, Pall Mall, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Sept. 17 by Mrs. Martha Ellen Du Pasquier, the widow, and Charles Arthur Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £49,830. The testator gives £1000, upon trust, for his brother, John McMahon Du Pasquier; £100 each to George Humby and Edward Tegar; £500 each to his sisters, Mary Amelia Du Pasquier and Catherine Harriott Blomfield Collison; and £200 each to his cousin Jane Begley and Charles Arthur Jones. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1895) of Mr. John Prior Patman, of 54, The Drive, Hove, Brighton, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Sept. 18 by Mrs. Fanny Margaretta Patman, the widow, Henry Robert Chasty Hurlford, and William Christopher Higgins Burne, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £18,370. The testator gives £500 to his wife, and an annuity of £200 to his sisters, Charlotte Anne Patman and Frances Elizabeth Patman, and the survivor of them. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1887) of Mr. Henry Bellingham, of Rye, Sussex, banker, who died on Aug. 2, was proved on Sept. 18 by John Symonds Vidler and Walter Daws, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,376. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Helen Bellingham, the use of his household furniture, plate, etc., and an annuity of £200. Subject thereto he leaves all his property to his children in equal shares.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of the Hon. Herbert Bowes-Lyon, D.L., of Members' Mansions, Victoria Street, who died on April 14, intestate, have been granted to the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, the father and next of kin, the value of the personal estate being £15,853.

The will of Sir Henry St. John Halford, Bart., C.B., J.P., D.L., of Wistow Hall, Leicester, who died on Jan. 4, has been proved in the Leicester District Registry by Jonathan Glover and George Rowlett, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £6938.

The will and two codicils of Dame Elizabeth Ursula Halford, widow, of Wistow Hall, who died on Jan. 30, have been proved in the Leicester District Registry by Jonathan Glover, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £6054.

The will of Admiral William Knighton Stephens, of Westcombe, Ilfracombe, Devon, who died on July 10, was proved on Sept. 15 by Thomas Bedford Dolittle, M.P., the nephew, and Walter Henry Borlase, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3729.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Podmore Clark, of Chescombe Lodge, Dudham Down, Bristol, formerly of Kegworth, Leicester, who died on March 18, has been proved by Frederick Joseph Clark, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £5200.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"FRANCILLON," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

The younger Dumas has this occasional failing as a playwright: he starts his problem-dramas with the most daring theories, but often, unlike Ibsen, he contrives to shirk their logical conclusion. The case of "La femme de Claude" is settled on a mere side issue. "Francillon," again, is a case in point. Here (where, as usual with Dumas, polygamic and monogamic ideals are in conflict) the wife expresses her determination to retaliate on an unfaithful husband. We know what a good theme that very subject, honestly worked out, proved for Mr. H. A. Jones in "Rebellious Susan." But with M. Dumas all this talk of retaliation is just a pretence; all the agony is unconvincing, and the many moral disquisitions delivered from all points of view on marital relationship but accentuate the unreality of the situation. It only needs, in fact, a misinterpretation of the leading rôle to reduce this would-be serious comedy to the level of a not too delicate vaudeville. Let Francillon deceive her audience, let them imagine this pure and devoted wife to have actually taken her revenge, and you have something like a thrilling story. But once you are let into the secret, and by nods and winks and leers your actress shows you that the whole business is a joke, then all your interest in the play is gone. Now, such is the attitude of Mrs. Brown Potter, a player intelligent enough, but quite mistaken in this instance. Under her hands poor Francine becomes a mere cocotte, endowed with the most tiresome mannerisms and the most extravagant dresses. Mr. Bellev's adaptation, too, does not mend matters when, in strict accord with the farcical character of the representation, he makes Francillon confess the truth not to her bosom friend, the Baroness, but to her worthless husband. Such admirable artists as Mr. Kyrle Bellev, Mr. Arthur Elwood, and Miss Vane, as well as a pretty *ingénue* in the person of Miss Grace Noble, are wasted on the production; we should prefer to see them in some more vertebrate and less mechanical drama.

William A. Barry, of England, and George Towns, of Australia, rowed a well-contested race on Sept. 27 from Putney to Mortlake for £100 a-side. Victory was doubtful until within twenty-five yards of the winning-post, when Towns finally drew ahead and finished three-quarters of a length to the good. His time was 22 min. 34 sec.

The fifty-second volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which takes us down to the unromantic surname Smirke, is notable for its biographies of the Shelleys, written by Dr. Garnett; of the Sheridans, by Mr. Fraser Rae; and of Sir Philip Sidney, whom Mr. Sidney Lee treats at very great length. Dr. Garnett's conclusion on Shelley is that, despite his limitations, no modern poet, unless it be Wordsworth, has so deeply influenced English poetry. The up-to-dateness of the Dictionary is shown by the inclusion of Sir John Skelton, who died last July.

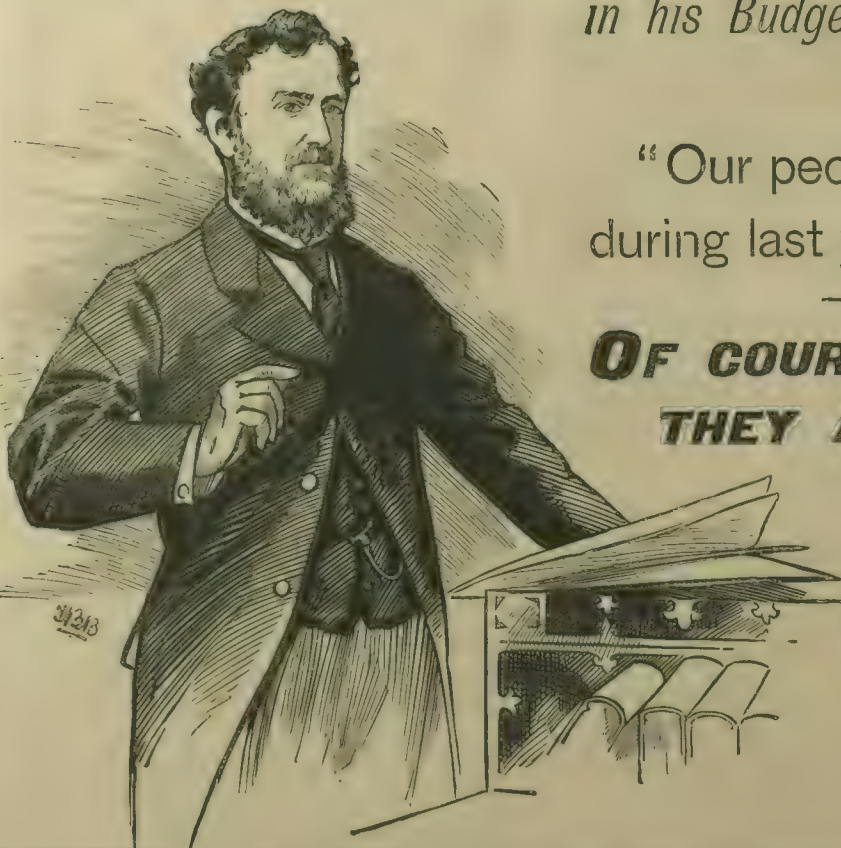
SIR MICHAEL HICKS=BEACH

*in his Budget Statement, April 29th,
1897, said—*

"Our people have smoked more,
during last year, than ever before!"

**OF COURSE THEY HAVE,
THEY ARE NOW SMOKING**

**OGDEN'S
'GUINEA-GOLD'
CIGARETTES.**



5500 TONS = 332,640,000

(Three hundred and thirty-two million six hundred and forty thousand)

FAIRY CAKES

HAVE ALREADY BEEN MADE BY

PEEK, FREAN & CO.

The ORIGINAL Cream Separator. All others are Imitations.

ALPHA-LAVAL

Over
100,000
Machines
Sold.

CREAM

Over
100,000
Machines
Sold.

SEPARATORS.

Awarded **FIRST PRIZE** at EVERY Competition (but one) in Great Britain.

USERS SAY THEY PAY FOR THEMSELVES IN SIX MONTHS.

Every "Alpha-Laval" is Guaranteed to perfectly Separate the Quantity Stated, and requires Less Power to Work than any other Separator.



A Dairymaid can Work any of the Hand Machines.

REDUCED PRICES.

INCREASED CAPACITY.

PRINCIPAL AGENCIES.

GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, and
BRITISH INDIA. DAIRY SUPPLY CO.,
LTD., 25, Museum Street, London, W.C.

VICTORIA. J. BARTRAM & SON,
8, Queen Street, Melbourne.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.
A. W. SANFORD & CO., Adelaide.

NEW SOUTH WALES & QUEENSLAND.
WAUGH & JOSEPHSON,
342, Sussex Street, Sydney.

NEW ZEALAND.
MASON, STRUTHERS & CO., Christchurch.

SOUTH AFRICA.
HOWARD FARRAR & CO., Johannesburg.
Do. do. Pt. Elizabeth.

Aktiebolaget Separator, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.

MAPPIN BROTHERS

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES: { **220, REGENT STREET, W.**
& **66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.** (Next Sir John Bennett's)

Inspection is Invited of the Largest and Finest Stock in the World of
DRESSING-BAGS, SUIT-CASES, KIT-BAGS, &c.

New
Illustrated Catalogue
Post Free.



MAPPIN BROTHERS' CROCODILE DRESSING-BAG.

Fitted with massive Solid Silver Gilt and Chased Toilet Requisites, Brushes, Clock, &c.
Prices upon Application.

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPLICATION.

66, Cheapside, E.C.; 220, Regent St., W.; & The Queen's Works, Sheffield.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GUARDS.

The 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards left Pirbright for Gibraltar on Tuesday, and by this time are at the Rock. The new departure will be watched with interest. With the exception of the visit of the 2nd Battalion to Bermuda some six years ago (for disciplinary purposes), no battalion of Guards has been sent on foreign service, except in time of war, since 1862, when the 1st Grenadiers and the 2nd Scots Guards were despatched to Canada during the American Civil War. The battalion now gone out numbered 994 officers and men, and presented a very fine appearance. The change will not be so great as if it had gone from London, as the men have been encamped for some weeks at Pirbright. The last war-service of the Grenadiers was at Suakin in 1885, when the 3rd Battalion shared in the arduous work of a very unsatisfactory campaign; the 2nd Battalion took part in the 1882 Egyptian campaign in the Guards Brigade commanded by the Duke of Connaught, and was present at the decisive battle of Tel-el-Kebir. These two campaigns in Egypt are the only occasions on which the Grenadiers have met with uncivilised foes (if Arabi Pasha's troops can be considered such); at least, since the earliest days of the regiment, when they fought in Tangiers and in the American "plantations." The Grenadiers' list of "honours" begins with "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," and "Malplaquet," although they fought many a battle long before, and actually served

on board ship as marines against De Ruyter. The regiment was given the name "Grenadiers" as a distinction, together with the badge of a grenado and the bearskin cap, for its gallant conduct at Waterloo, where it defeated the French Grenadiers. The 1st Battalion has not seen any war-service since the early part of the century, when it fought in the Peninsular War.

Mr. Watts, R.A., has never been of the school of artists who pronounce a divorce between art and morals. He has painted many a "picture with a purpose," and the "Time, Death, and Judgment," which is to have a place in St. Paul's, is one of them. The prejudice against pictures in churches seems likely to go the way of many other prejudices at last. It will receive a shock by the action of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's at any rate, and the art of England, to say nothing of the morals, will know the difference and be the gainer. With no picture could the experiment be more appropriately introduced; for, besides giving his own art's solemn treatment of the theme, the painter has called in the aid of literature, and drives the moral home with two passages of Scripture: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." And, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." The last text is the painter's especial favourite,

and he invests it with a good deal of autobiographical significance. If he had waited on the favouring winds of popularity or fled the clouds of criticism, he would not be the artist he now is, and that lesson he wishes to leave behind him as a legacy to posterity. There are sermons in everything, and this is the sermon he wishes his picture to preach in the Metropolitan Cathedral, the more so now that it is the resting-place of his two closest fellows and friends—Leighton and Millais.

The record of Atlantic sailings has now been made, if not in, at least by Germany. On the evening of Sept. 26 the new North German Lloyd steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* arrived at the Lightship, New York, on her maiden trip, having broken all previous records. Her time was 5 days 22 h. 45 min., her average hourly run being 21.39 knots.

On Saturday, Sept. 25, a window was unveiled in the church at Theydon-Bois to the memory of the late Miss Frances Buss, the eminent educationist, and founder of the North London School for Girls. The window overlooks Miss Buss's grave.

At the inquest on the driver of the train recently wrecked at Mayfield, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death, finding at the same time that the train was travelling at too great a speed, and that the line was defective.

PEERLESS ERASMIC HERB SOAP.

4^D PER TABLET

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION FOR IMPROVING & PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION.

ERASMIC

LONDON DEPOT, MOUGH YARD, E.C.



ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION

1/1 1/2

WILL HAVE CRICK WILL HAVE NONE

Prepared only by ELLIMAN Sons & Co. Slough ENGLAND

For STIFFNESS. ACHES. SPRAINS. BRUISES.



HITCHING'S BABY STORES

The Premier Manufacturers of High Grade BABY CARRIAGES in the World, have extensive Show-Rooms at

198, OXFORD STREET, London, W.

23, 21, and 19, LUDGATE HILL, London, E.C.

28, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.

(ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, NEAR HYDE PARK CORNER.)

HITCHINGS, LIMITED have recently had the honour of building the Baby Carriage for the Baby Prince Edward of York, having previously executed orders for H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Prussia, &c.; also the Royal and Imperial Families of Russia, Germany, Denmark, Portugal, and Sweden.

HITCHING'S BABY CARRIAGES from 2 to 25 guineas, and BABY CARS from 15s. 6d. to 10 guineas, are not only the BEST, but also 25 per cent. cheaper than those sold by dealers and stores. A carriage should always be purchased from the actual manufacturer. Inquiries receive prompt and courteous attention. Illustrations free. Correspondence solicited. 300 varieties in stock.

Bankers: CAPITAL & COUTIES BANK and CITY BANK. Telegram Address: "HITCHING, LONDON."

LIVERPOOL HOUSE, 74, BOLD ST. Boston (U.S.A.) Agency: 92, WASHINGTON ST.

HITCHING'S "PRINCESS MAY" BABY CARRIAGE IS MOST SUITABLE FOR A CHRISTENING PRESENT, BEING RECHERCHÉ AND UNPROCURABLE ELSEWHERE.

Before going elsewhere send for Hitching's Pictorial Price Book, free on mentioning "The Illustrated London News."

THE "TROUVILLE" BABY CAR

It is equally adapted for use as a Sleeping Car for a young baby, or a Mail Car for an older child.

1. New registered design.
2. Runs on four silent wheels.
3. Small light front wheels.
4. Very safe, centre of gravity being very low.
5. Hitching's Patent Cee Springs. Very easy.
6. Occupies small space.
7. Has deep well for legs and feet. No cramping.
8. Hitching's Patent "Any Position Hood."
9. Half the weight of a wood body. Fine wicker and glass.
10. Cool in summer.
11. Artistically painted.
12. Beautifully upholstered in pale blue or art green.

Price as drawn 24 25. net.



For Children as well as Others.

I don't know that anybody can tell all the reasons why children thrive so well on Scott's Emulsion. Authorities seem to differ about it. Some emphasise the importance of the Hypophosphites it contains, while others lay great stress upon the easy form of cod-liver oil. For myself I believe it is both, and perhaps the highest authorities support this belief.

At any rate, the fact is that children gain flesh, strength, colour and vitality on Scott's Emulsion when heretofore they have been delicate, lifeless, thin and weak in spite of everything done for them. It seems like watering a sun-dried plant.

After all, Scott's Emulsion is little more than an easily absorbed form of nourishment. In itself it is the most effectual of all forms of food, but this would be of small value if it were not so perfectly prepared that it is absorbed in a natural manner without digestive effort.

Many children do not digest and absorb their food. If they did there would be no need of Scott's Emulsion. But give these delicate children—even little babies—Scott's Emulsion, and they soon pick up and regain perfect health.

And Scott's Emulsion is so sweet to the taste that children look upon it as a sweetmeat. It is the best way to take that wonderful product of Norway, cod-liver oil, combined with Hypophosphites. Anybody whose system is not getting enough nourishment out of its food will find Scott's Emulsion a great benefit to health.

But this does not apply to other emulsions.

SCOTT & BOWNE (LTD.), LONDON, E.C.

ALL CHEMISTS.



"MYRTLE GROVE" TOBACCO.

For Pipe or Cigarette.
Sweet. Cool. Fragrant.



"At Myrtle Grove Sir Walter Raleigh was soothing his mind with the Tobacco he had brought from Virginia when his Irish Servant, thinking his Master was on fire, dashed water over him."

TADDY & CO., Minorities, London, E.

Via **QUEENBORO' & FLUSHING.**
TO THE CONTINENT.
ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.

Twice Daily in both directions. Day and Night Services. Large, Fast, and Magnificent Paddle Steamers. Actual SEA Passage by the New 21 Knots Night Steamers 24 hours only.

GREAT ACCELERATION OF SERVICE from MAY 1, 1897.

BERLIN, arrival by Night Service 7 p.m. (M.E.T.) instead of 8.28 p.m.—LONDON, arrival by Day Service from Flushing 7.15 p.m. instead of 9.5 p.m. Direct and Accelerated Connections with LIVERPOOL (dep. 4.2 p.m.), MANCHESTER (dep. 8.15 p.m.), BIRMINGHAM (dep. 8.45 p.m.), via Harne Hill and Willesden, WITHOUT TOUCHING LONDON—Apply for Time Tables &c. to the "ZEELAND" STEAMSHIP CO.'S LONDON OFFICE, 446, Fenchurch St., E.C., where Circular Tickets may be obtained at Three Days' Notice.



FRETFUL CHILDREN

are nervous, peevish, and ill-tempered because of the lack of proper and sufficient nourishment. Children, during the period of rapid growth, require a great diversity of food material. Too much meat and sweets will make them fretful and ill-tempered. Quaker Oats will build up the child's body and—then comes good nature. Delicious for breakfast and supper.

At all Grocers and Corn Dealers.

Sold only in 2-lb. sealed packets.

Every packet bears Quaker name and Quaker figure.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT SEASON.

The prospectus of the forty-second annual series of Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace has been issued, and though there will be no more than eight concerts before Christmas, the quality of the programme goes far to make one forgive the slightly reduced quantity. The season will open on Oct. 9, when Madame Blanche Marchesi, M. Jacq Renard, and little Bruno Steindel will perform. On the following Saturday yet another infant phenomenon, this time a girl and a violinist, Miss Maud McCarthy, is due to appear. Mr. Santley, Miss Ella Russell, Miss Fanny Davies, Eugen d'Albert, Zélie de Lussan, Edward Lloyd, and Miss Esther Palliser will also perform as soloists in the order given between Oct. 9 and Nov. 27, so that the patron of the Palace need fear no falling-off in the high quality of the entertainments. Almost needless to say, Mr. August Manns will again preside over the Concerts, and I note with pleasure that

several young composers will get a hearing with new work that should be of interest. In spite of the ever-increasing number of town concerts, in spite of the long time taken by the railway companies to come to the assistance of the Palace with an adequate service of fast trains, Sydenham retains its hold upon the affections of many music-lovers who are not local residents, and while the work continues to be well done, there seems no reason why the patronage should not be maintained.

An excellent new shilling map of the North-Western Frontier of India has been published by the Bartholomews of Edinburgh. It shows very clearly the district involved in the war.

It appears, from the *Lancet*, that English and French men of letters differ notably on the question of smoking. Balzac and Victor Hugo were enemies to tobacco, and in

this they are imitated by M. Zola. Our great ones, on the other hand, have been devotees. Walter Scott confessed to a fondness for a cigar; Carlyle's and Tennyson's way we know; while at an earlier day, John Milton was wont to solace his leisure with a fragrant pipe. No doubt, however, there are exceptions on both sides of the Channel.

A rumour is current in Paris to the effect that the Czar has just bought a large piece of ground at Nice, on which he intends to build a magnificent villa, destined chiefly for his mother and the Czarevitch.

In their fine old hall in Cheapside the Mercers' Company on Sept. 27 entertained the King of Siam at luncheon. The Master, Sir C. Clementi Smith, did the honours of the occasion, and proposed his Majesty's health with great cordiality, which was drunk to the strains of the Siamese National Anthem. The King made an equally cordial reply, and in turn proposed the Mercers' Company.

The Ideal Breakfast & Supper Food.

PROVOST OATS

Prepared in Scotland from the finest selected SCOTCH Grain, they are Superior in Flavour & go farther than the American Oats.

Good Housewives know Oats grown in Scotland far excel all others.

PROVOST OATS are absolutely clear of husk;

They have the largest sale of Scotch Rolled Oats in the world, solely on their merits; They are partly cooked.

& make splendid porridge in ten minutes.

One of these enamelled double PORRIDGE PANS is given FREE to every user of Provost Oats in exchange for 30 coupons. Coupon on every packet.

A packet of Provost Oats costs no more than a packet of American, and two packets of "Provost" make as much porridge as three packets of American, therefore support home industries.

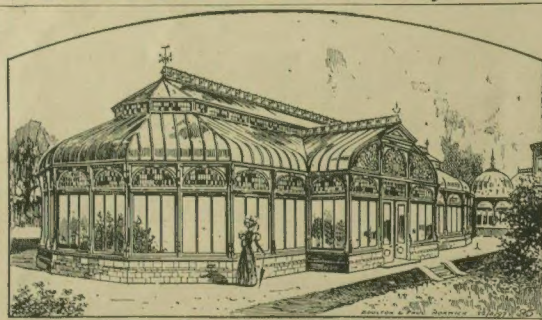
Sold in 2 lb Packets by all Grocers and Food Dealers.

R. ROBINSON & SONS, Sole Manufacturers, ANNAN, N.B.

LONDON OFFICES — ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.



BOULTON & PAUL, NORWICH.



CONSERVATORY RECENTLY ERECTED AT CARROW HOUSE, NORWICH.

RANGES OF HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS ERECTED COMPLETE IN ANY PART OF THE KINGDOM.

Illustrated Catalogue of Designs, &c., on Application.

CONSERVATORIES,
FERNERIES,
VINERIES,
PEACH, PLANT,
ORCHID, TOMATO,
AND
CUCUMBER
HOUSES.

Surveys Made.

Special Designs
Prepared and Estimates
Submitted.

Good Complexion & Nice Hands.

NOBILITY adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweigh the more important consideration, viz.: the composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is marred which would be enhanced by proper care.

To persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer,

PEARS' Soap

is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

From Sir ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,

The late world-renowned Dermatologist.

"THE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles . . . PEAR'S is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant'; and Pears' Soap is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

PEARS' SOAP. SOLD EVERYWHERE, PEAR'S Soap. In Tablets and Balls for Toilet and Nursery use, and in Sticks for Shaving.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Designs are exact size, and all Goods sent Free and Safe by Post. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties in Jewellery, Silver, and Electro Plate (4000 Illustrations) Post Free.

SPECIAL.—The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., give highest prices for Precious Stones, Second-Hand Jewellery, and Old Gold. Anything sent to them receives attention by return of post. Before purchasing Diamond work kindly write for our Special List of Second-Hand Jewellery.



New Pendant Choice Brilliant, £35.



Best Gold Scarf Pin, 7s. 6d. Smaller size, 5s.



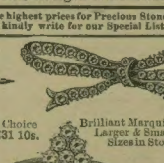
Heart Choice Brilliant, sizes from £35. All in stock £8 10s.



Diamond Jubilee Commemorative Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds & 1 whole Pearl, £44s. Brooches to match, £25 5s. A Brooch, in second quality Diamonds, without Pearl, £2 17s. 6d.



Solid Gold Safety Pin Brooches this size, 3s. 6d.; larger, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. Same in Silver, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d. each. Smaller size in Gold, 2s. 6d.



New Moon Brooch, 7 Brilliants and a Rose Diamond, £5. All Rose Diamonds, £4.



New Scarf Pin, Stones set transparent. Rubies and Diamonds, 30s. Sapphires and Diamonds, same price.



Brilliant Marquise Ring, Larger & Smaller sizes in Stock.



Diamond Jubilee Commemorative.—Solid Gold Safety Pin Brooch, 10s. 6d.



Star forming Ornament, set of 6 Stars, £13 15s. £4 17s. 6d. £4 10s.



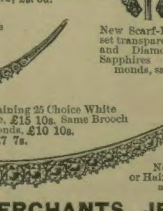
Handsome Half-Hoop Brooch. All Brilliants, £65; Sapphires and Brilliants, £45; Rubies and Brilliants, £65; Set of three, £175.



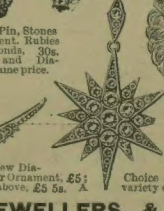
Diamond Tie Scarf Pin, £2 12s. 6d.



New Moon Brooch, containing 25 Choice White Brilliants, £21. Smaller size, £15 10s. Same Brooch in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s.



New Diamond Brooch, £5; Choice whole Pearl Head Necklaces for variety of larger size Stars in Stock.



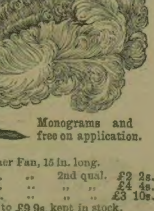
Diamond Star Brooch, Pendant, Choice whole Pearl Head Necklaces for variety of larger size Stars in Stock.



Estimates and Sketches for Names in Diamonds or Gold.



Monograms and free on application.



Ostrich-Feather Fan, 15 in. long. Black on Shell, £3 3s. 2nd qual., £2 2s. White on Pearl, £3 3s. 2nd qual., £2 2s. Natural on Shell, £4 4s. 2nd qual., £3 10s. Superior Fans up to £9 9s. kept in stock.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, & SILVERSMITHS.

Diamond-Cutting Factory, Amsterdam. 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. Telegraphic Address: "Ruspoli, London." Marabout Mouchette Fans, £7 15s. £11 15s. £14 15s.

DEATHS.

On Sept. 16, at Priory Cottage, Darwish, Ann Mary Carr, widow of James Carr, aged sixty-three.
On Sept. 22, at "Harley," Chislehurst, Jean Eliza, widow of the late William White, aged seventy-eight.

VICTORIAN ERA EXHIBITION.

EARL'S COURT, LONDON, S.W.
IMPERIAL GALLERY, Director-General.
OPEN Daily 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.
AMPLE Cover for all, Wet or Dry.
BICYCLES Stored Free of Charge.
THE Garden of London. Lovell than Ever.
ILLUMINATED with 10,000 Coloured Lights.
WORKING Exhibits of English, Scottish, and
Irish Cottage Industries.
Said Exhibits of the Jubilee Fair.
GRENADIER Guards Band. Dan Godfrey's Band.
EXHIBITION Band.
GIANTIC Wheel Running Daily.
TWO Woodley-tired Ormiston Bicycles Given Weekly.
PANTOMIME of the Lord George Sangers Circus.
BROTHERIN Lafayette on the High Road.
THE Old Richardson's Show and Jewell's Marionettes.
PANTOMIMOGRAPH, Rifle Gallery, Electrophon.
BELLEVUE Tower, and Switchback.
BARY Incubators for the Infants.
And Numerous Other Shows.

PERIODICALS BY POST
AT CHEAP RATES.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS (to be pre-paid) are received to the undermentioned periodicals, which will be sent FREE to ANY PART of the World at the prices quoted. Six Months' Subscriptions at the same rates. Other periodicals supplied on similar terms. A more complete List sent on application.

DAILY PAPERS.

Daily Telegraph, Daily Graphic, Daily Chronicle, or... £2 12 0
The Times (per Morning Mail) " " " " 5 4 0
Mail (42-weekly) or Daily Mail " " " " 1 19 0

WEEKLY PAPERS.

Answers, Any Sloper, or Illustrated Bits " " " " 0 6 8
Black and White and Christmas Supplement " " " " 1 10 6
Field (thin) or Country Life " " " " 1 14 6
Graphic (thin) and Two Supplements " " " " 1 13 0
Punch and Christmas Number " " " " 1 12 0
Gentleman (thin) or Sketch " " " " 1 17 0
Illustrated London News (thin) and Two Supplements " " " " 1 13 0
Penny Illustrated, People, or Lloyd's " " " " 0 8 8
Queen (thin) " " " " 1 15 6
Times Weekly Edition or Public Opinion " " " " 0 13 0
Truth or World (thin) and Supplements " " " " 0 11 0
Tit-Bits or Detroit Free Press " " " " 0 6 6

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

Boy's Own Paper or Girl's Own Paper " " " " 0 7 0
Chambers's Journal " " " " 0 8 3
Nineteenth Century or Contemporary " " " " 1 8 6
Parson's Magazine " " " " 0 9 6
Review of Reviews or Chums " " " " 0 7 6
Strand Magazine or English Illustrated " " " " 0 8 8
Windsor " " " " 0 2 2

Reference Catalogue of Books post free on application.

ALFRED WILSON,

Bookseller and Newsagent (Established 1833),
18, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Bankers: London and County Bank (Head Office).

THE KENNEL CLUB'S FORTY-SECOND

DOG SHOW
will be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE, OCT. 19, 20, and 21.
ENTRIES close absolutely Oct. 4.
PRIZES valued at over £300.
will be completed for. For Schedules, apply to W. W. ASPINALL,
Secretary Kennel Club, 27, Old Burlington Street, London, W.

PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per MONTH.

Tunings free. No hire charged if purchased in six months.
The cheapest house for hiring really good pianos by all the best
makers is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, W.

PIANOS, 15s. per MONTH, on Thomas

Oetzmann and Co.'s easy One, Two, or Three Years' System.
Carriage free. Tunings free. Cheapest House in London for Sale,
Hire, or Three Years' System is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S,
27, Baker Street, Tottenham Square, W.

PURCHASERS who can pay Cash will find
that the Cheapest House in the Kingdom for new Grand and
Cottage Pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Bech, Oetzmann, Steinway,
Bechstein, and other makers of repute is THOMAS OETZMANN
and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, London, W., where the merits of the
Pianos by the respective makers can be tried side by side. All pianos
packed free and forwarded. Only address, 27, Baker Street, W.

D'ALMAINE'S SALE OF PIANOS,

ORGANS, &c., RETURNED FROM HIRE.
Ten years' warranty. Easy Terms, approval, carriage free.
Cottages 7, 9, and 11 guineas.
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.
Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.
Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 50 guineas.
American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 41 guineas
upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument
within three years if one of a higher class be taken. Illus-
trations and particulars post free. T. D'ALMAINE and CO.,
(Est. 12 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7
Saturdays, 3.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE,

OR PREPARED WHITE FULLER'S EARTH.
Is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER.
It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin
name of "Terra Cimolite" is constantly prescribed by the most
eminent living Dermatologists, and was especially recom-
mended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the
late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable.
It is the Best Dusting-Powder for Infants. Formerly used in
the Nurseries of Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales,
the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now
extensively employed in the Nurseries of Her Imperial Majesty
the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses.
H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, the Grand Duchess Paul
of Russia, the Duchess of Sparta, and most of the Aristocracy.
Recommended by the Faculty. The eminent physician Dr.
Smith says: "I feel I cannot too highly recommend it. I
cannot afford to be without it." Dr. Reinherd. A lady
writes: "Here, in India, for 'Fricky Heat,' I found it worth
a guinea a tin-ful! Just free. Send 13 or 26 penny
stamps.
Ask for 'Taylor's Cimolite.' See that the Trade Mark, Name,
and Address are on every Parcel, and do not be persuaded to
take imitations.
Introduced into medical practice and prepared by
JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 19, Baker Street, London, W.

GULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE.

HERALDRY and GENEALOGY (English and Foreign).
Pedigrees traced from Records. Authentic & reliable
information respecting Arms & Descents supported by
reference to original Records. Enquiries answered
correctly. — 25, Cranbourne St., London, W.C. N.B. —
No fee charged for examining family papers and advising.

GULLETON'S ENGRAVING OFFICE

(A Separate Department). Coloured Stationery, Book-
Plates, Dies, Signet-Rings and Seals (a large selection),
Litho. Buttons, Harms-Crests, Embossing Presses,
Brass Name Plates, Illuminated Addresses, Invitation
Cards, Wedding, & Visiting Cards. Samples & Prices Free.
25, CRANBOURNE STREET, LONDON, W.C.

BILLIARD TABLES.

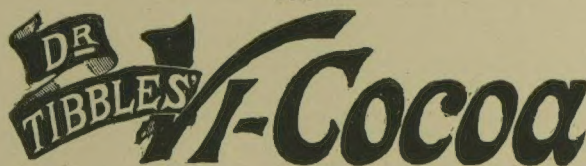
THURSTON AND CO. (Ltd.),
14, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W. The oldest
Established and Leading House in the Trade. Sole Warranted
Billiard, Billiard Tables and requisites of the finest quality and
finish. Prices Moderate. The Billiard Tables of the "Perfect"
Billiards, as fitted to Her Majesty's tables at Osborne, Windsor
Castle, and Buckingham Palace. These can be attached to any
Billiard Table. Best Ivory Balls, thoroughly seasoned.

NO MORE ASTHMA

FROM THIS MOMENT.
Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold
and Silver Medal, and admitted to be un-
rivalled. Particulars gratis and post free to
DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

A BUSY MAN

AND



Some of us are wise enough to see that the very intellectual superiority of which we boast must of necessity be ministered to by a very different diet to that which appealed to the digestive organs of men who underwent more bodily exertion than the most stalwart navy or the most muscular prize-fighter of this steam and machine ridden era. The case of Mr. H. Stockland Knight, 28, Stockmore Street, Cowby Road, Oxford, is a good illustration of this fact.

Mr. KNIGHT writes as follows: "I have now made a thorough trial of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and on that account feel somewhat qualified to make a statement as to its excellent qualities. I used at one time to take a good deal of hot and scalding tea, which brought me to a state of great weakness and loss of nerve power. After taking tea I felt quite unable to summon any energy, and totally unfitted for work of any kind. Some four months ago I determined to give up tea altogether and use Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa instead. I did so, and in a remarkably short space of time I felt greatly benefited. I no longer experienced loss of energy after breakfast or tea, but I found

ITS SUSTAINING PROPERTIES MARVELLOUS,

for it is undoubtedly a food as well as a beverage, a cup of Vi-Cocoa alone being more sustaining than solid food with tea or ordinary cocoa. I have gained in weight, and am better in every way, and am improving daily. I take two cups at breakfast and the same at tea-time. I would not relinquish it now on any account, as I consider it has in a very great measure restored my impaired health. I may say, in conclusion, that my business takes me out at all hours of the day and night, making sleep and meal times very irregular. To all those living under such and similar conditions Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is especially beneficial."



The BEVERAGE of the PEOPLE

Let us glance at the ordinary breakfast beverages of the people.
TEA, even if properly infused, is only a stimulant. It is not a nourishing beverage, and, as usually decocted, is watery, trispy, and deleterious.

COFFEE, even when of the best, and prepared in perfection, as you will find in the East, where the Mahomedans are forbidden by their religion to use alcohol, is only a cardiac or heart stimulant. It increases for a short time the power of that organ without being in any sense of the word a nourishing beverage.

COCOA.—The ordinary cocoa is not by any means a nourishing beverage. Its good qualities either in the English or foreign varieties are smothered in starch and sugar that induce and promote indigestion.

DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA is a nourishing beverage, containing four great restorers of vitality—Cocoa, Kola, Hops, and Malt. It stands out as a builder-up of tissues, a promoter of vigour, and, in short, it has all the factors which make robust health. Being a deliciously flavoured beverage, it pleases the most fastidious palate. Its active powers of diastase give tone to the stomach, and promote the flow of gastric juice; and however indigestible the food taken with it at any meal, it acts as a solvent and assimilative.

All the leading medical journals recommend Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and Dr. G. H. Haslam writes: "It gives me great pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of Vi-Cocoa, a mixture of Malt, Hops, Kola, and Caracas Cocoa Extract. I consider it the very best preparation of the kind in the market, and as a nourishing drink for children and adults, the finest that has ever been brought before the public. As a general beverage it excels all previous preparations. No house should be without it."

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 6d., 9d., and 1s. 6d., can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa (Limited), 60, 61, and 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

As an unparalleled test of merit, a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will be sent free on application to any address, if when writing (a post-card will do) the reader will name *The Illustrated London News*.

CHATTO AND WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

ON OCT. 7, VOLS. III AND IV, (COMPLETING THE WORK).
Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

(Constitutional Assembly, 1789-91).
By JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES FROM

1850 to 1897. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s.
"This up-to-date appendix to a brilliant and deservedly popular work is wholly admirable, and lacks none of the high qualities which have been so universally applauded in the preceding volumes. The volume is worthy of its predecessors, and forms an invaluable contribution to later Victorian history."—*World*.

THE CITY OF REFUGE. By SIR

WALTER BESANT. Cheaper Edition, with a Frontispiece by R. S. Wilson. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
"We should be surprised if this new romance from Sir Walter Besant's pen does not prove one of his most popular."—*Daily News*.

JETSAM. By OWEN HALL, Author of

"The Track of a Storm." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
"JETSAM is keenly interesting and often strongly written, especially in the pages that deal with military air and action."—*Daily Mail*.

"An attractive and, in some respects, an engrossing story... Mr. Hall... can tell a good story."—*Scotsman*.

A RACING RUBBER. By HAWLEY

SMART. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
"The QUEEN'S CUP. By G. A. HENTY, Author of 'Rajah the Juggler,' &c. Cheaper Edition, in Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d."

"Mr. George Henty's new story, 'The Queen's Cup,' may be idiomatically described as 'taking the cake' in respect to the variety and sensational character of the adventures recorded in its pages."—*Daily Telegraph*.

DR. RUMSEY'S PATIENT. By L. T.

MEADE and CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
"A clever author and a clever specialist between them have constructed a little romance that will gladden the heart of a jaded novel-reader in search of something new."—*St. James's Gazette*.

THREE PARTNERS; or, The Big Strike on

by J. G. Fitch. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
"HALL CAINE'S NOVELS."

THE SHADOW OF A CRIME. Crown

8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
"It is a fine story finely told, full of racy humour, and rising to true and unaffected pathos."—*Saturday Review*.

A SON OF HAGAR: A Romance of Our

Time. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
"A brilliant and powerful romance. There has not appeared in this country for a long time past a story more brilliantly and forcibly told. It stands out from the novels of the day as the work of an acute thinker and powerful writer."—*Scotsman*.

THE DEEMSTER: A Romance of the Isle of

Man. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. Also a Library Edition, set in new and bold type, crown 8vo, cloth decorated, 6s.
"The spiritual grandeur of his conception and the tremendous nature of the forces engaged, raise it to the region of tragic drama."—*Grandy conceived and grandly executed.*—*Academy*.

ARTEMUS WARD'S COMPLETE WORKS.

With Portrait and Facsimile. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN'S COM-

plete Works. With Life, Anecdotes, and 10 Full-page Illustrations. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN

ANNE. By JOHN ASHTON. A New Edition. With 44 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, Author of "Joseph's Coat." Crown 8vo, buckram, 2s. 6d.

"The little volume is from first page to last full of keen, sound, informing criticism, the literary criticism of its setting forth being of itself a delight."—*Punch*.

"Mr. Murray has written of his contemporaries with absolute frankness; we think on the whole, also with perfect sincerity, and with a sanity and soundness of judgment that will commend his sketches to popular approval."—*Leeds Mercury*.

SHAKESPEARE THE BOY. With Sketches

of Home and School Life, Games and Sports, Manners and Customs. By DR. W. J. ROFFE. With 42 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Dr. Roffe has gone to standard authorities for his material, and the book is cast in a style which should make it attractive to young people. The author furnishes explanations of allusions which are not always self-evident even to students of Shakespeare. The volume has forty-one illustrations, and should make an excellent text-book or introduction to the study of Shakespeare."—*Scotsman*.

LONDON: CHATTO AND WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

EASTMAN'S
No. 4 CARTRIDGE

KODAK

THE "FORSEEKAY,"

A perfect camera with every movement, for
film and glass plates, 5 x 4 inches.

LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

£5 5s.

A Kodak de luxe, yet moderate in price.
Marvelous for portability, and for attaching
to the cycle. Closed it is only 2 1/2 inches
thick. It has captured the popular fancy
and convinced the expert.

Pocket Kodaks, Bullets, and Bull's-Eyes.

£1 1s. to £3 3s.

EASTMAN Photographic

Materials Co. Ltd.,
159-161 OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

£500 IN PRIZES.

Eastman Photographic Competition & Exhibition,
New Gallery, 8, Great Street, London, W.

27th October to 10th November, 1897.
Last date for sending in Pictures, October 9th.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS COCOA.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

FOR BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Henri Rochefort, at sixty, has made his third essay in matrimony, having espoused his cousin, Mlle. Marguerite Vervoot. If anyone ever doubted the courage of the witty editor of the *Intransigent*, this should be sufficient to convince the most sceptical.

"They say Sir Robert blushed," is the phrase used in one of Disraeli's novels when the amount of somebody's property—tax is brought under the notice of Peel. Chancellors of the Exchequer since then have hardly been a blushing body, although Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Goschen have been among them. But a slight grunt of satisfaction may be allowed to the least enthusiastic of the nation's financiers; and it is certain

that the Treasury was conscious of a little stir this week when a cheque for over £50,000 was paid as Customs duty by one single planter, Mr. Lipton, for a clearance of about thirteen hundred tons of tea.

A morning paper speaks of "the widow of Mr. Joseph Cowen." It means the widow of Colonel John Cowen, of Blagdon Burn House, a lately dead brother of the former member for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Though out of Parliament, Mr. Joseph Cowen cannot be said to be even politically dead. He devotes daily care to the policy of his newspaper, the most widely read in the north of England, and the echoes of its articles on the Workmen's Accidents Compensation Bill were heard in the House of Lords when Lord Wemyss paradoxically declared he would "rather

be wrong with Joseph Cowen than right with Joseph Chamberlain."

Madame Antoinette Sterling put her fine voice to good purpose last Sunday. She was at Stacksteads, in the Rosendale Valley, the home of the Wesleyan choir which won the first prize lately at the Crystal Palace, where Madame Antoinette Sterling heard them. Last Sunday it was she whom they heard, in their own chapel, singing "The Lord is my Shepherd" and "Crossing the Bar." Then, by the bedside of some typhoid patients, she sang the same strains again. Madame Antoinette Sterling is sometimes alluded to as a convert to the Society of Friends. If that be so, the change has not led her to abandon music in public or private worship.

— SMOKE THE CELEBRATED —

'PIONEER'

SWEETENED TOBACCO.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE **RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO. LTD.**

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

Sold by all First-Class Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.

1 and 2 oz. Packets, and $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, and 1 lb. Tins.

Do not give up Cycling

Because AUTUMN has come,
But ride . . .**DUNLOP TYRES**And you will travel smoothly over rough roads
with ease, free from Side-slip.**THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, LTD.**

160 to 166, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C., LONDON;

WORKS: ALMA STREET, COVENTRY;

BRANCHES: Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham,
Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, &c.They are not merely
fair weather tyres;
their construction and
material are such as to
enable them to success-
fully cope with all
atmospheric conditions.Always full of life
and speed, safe, and
devoid of trouble.**NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S**
WEDDING PRESENTS.BAROMETERS, BINOCULARS, &c. Useful and Ornamental.
ONE GUINEA AND UPWARDS."Special" Illustrated Price Lists of Instruments suitable for Presents
Free by Post to all Parts of the World.SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS TO THE QUEEN.
38, HOLBORN VIADUCT.
Branches: 45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT ST.
Photographic Studio: CRYSTAL PALACE.They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective
and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.
12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS.
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by
Druggists and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK
on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
BERNERS ST., W., and CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

Now is the season for

VELVETEENS.

TO ENSURE GETTING THE
GENUINE

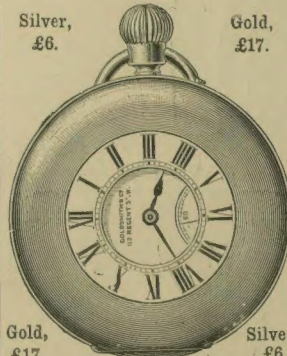
LEWIS'S

Wonderful Velvet

Send a postcard (mentioning this paper) direct to LEWIS'S
in Market St., Manchester, who will forward a large box of Pat-
terns, Post Free. Post Paid. Every Inch Guaranteed.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

GENTLEMAN'S GOLD ENGLISH
KEYLESS WATCH.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Co.)

KNIGHT OF THE
LEGION OF HONOUR

FRANCE

LOUIS DE JONGH, M.D.
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL.THE Chemical Analyses of various Cod Liver
Oils by Dr. de Jongh, and their administra-
tion by him in actual practice, proved to
him beyond all doubt that the Light-Brown
Cod Liver Oil possessed the highest percentage
of the active curative principles of this famous
remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Laryngitis,
Emaciation, Debility, Rickets, Rheumatism, and
Skin Affections. Dr. de Jongh's directions for
use, together with testimonials, surround each
bottle.Sold by all Chemists in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints,
2/6; Pints, 4/9; Quarts, 9/-.
Sole Consignees—

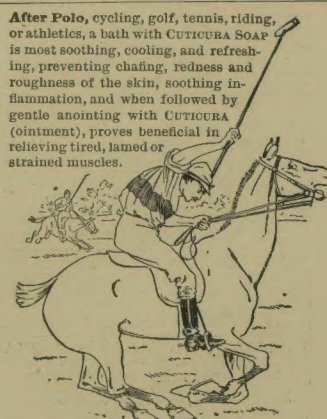
ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., Ltd., 210, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

KNIGHT OF THE
LEGION OF HONOUR

BELGIUM

The only awarded at the Paris
Exhibition 1889.**VELOUTINE**Toilet powder — **CH. FAY**, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Judgement of 8th May 1875.

MEANS for Destroying Superfluous Hair from
Face or Hands, by post, is 3s. 6d. When hair is coarse the
German process should be used, price 42s. When the hair is strong,
electric apparatus, 22s. When hair has been tampered with, cauteris-
ing, 10s. 6d. Sent by post. Letters invited; stamped envelope for
reply. — ALEX. ROSS, 92, Theobald's Road, Holborn, London.GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN ARSENIC.
DR. MACKENZIE'S
ARSENICAL
SOAP 6d. & 1s.The most Emollient and Soothing Toilet
Soap in the World for Irritable Skins.SHANDON HYDROPATHIC. — Finest
S. Health Resort in Scotland. One hour from Glasgow by Rail.
Picturesque Grounds, Mountain Air, Sea Breeze, Sea Water Swim-
ming Bath, Boating, Golf, Tennis, Excellent Cycling Route.
Centre for Excursions on the Clyde, to Loch Lomond, Glac., and
West Highlands. — Address, Manager, Shandon, N.B.P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS
FROM LONDON TO
GREAT VAM, MALTA, BRINDISI,
GENOVA, ADEN, BOMBAY, and
MADRAS, via BOMBAY. Every Week.
STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN. Every
Fortnight.
MADAGASCAR, ALEXANDRIA, CALCUTTA,
MADRAS, COLOMBO, AUSTRALIA,
NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA. Every
Three Weeks.
VENICE and BRINDISI to ALEXANDRIA.
Glasgow Return Tickets.
For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall
Street, E.C., and 20, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.**HIGHEST FLASH OIL.—"QUEEN**
EMPRESS" Brand. (Introduced to replace the dead
low-flash oils.) Highest Test, safest and most brilliant burning
Petroleum in the world, can be obtained in 40-gallon Barrels at 1s
per gallon, carriage paid to any part of the United Kingdom. Sole
Proprietors, RELIANCE LUBRICATING OIL COMPANY,
19 and 20, Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBURY &
Sons, London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Boston, U.S.A.

COMFORT IN WALKING.

Beetham's
Corn
PlasterCURES WHEN ALL OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.
IT ACTS LIKE MAGICIn Relieving ALL PAIN & THROBING, and soon
cures the worst COINS & BUNIONS.
It Softens and Removes all Hard Callouses on the
Soles of the Feet. If you Suffer, Try a Box.
You will never regret it.Boxes, 1s. 1d., of all Chemists.
M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

TRY

ZIG-ZAG

GUMMED EDGE

A REVOLUTION IN
CIGARETTE PAPER
BOOKS.

EACH LEAF READY TO HAND FOR USE.
AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.